

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1886.



WONDERLAND AND BEYOND.

II.



THE "MONARCH" GEYSER.

Now for the "Grand Tour" of the Yellowstone National Park! The bright, bracing air of this July morning imparts piquancy to pleasure, so that the strange surroundings minister intense enjoyment. Within doors and without is bustle everywhere, with passengers preparing for the start. The circuit of this charming and changeful park involves nearly two hundred miles by stage, over its fickle and some-

times formidable undulations.

Coaching is very coy. Like a fawn it flies at the shriek of the steel-clad, steam-fed mastodon. The brass-throated monster belches a cloud with a scream, and, ere the echoes sink to

silence, overland staging and Hank Monk fade out into the shadowy "good old times." Stay! One spot shall remain inviolate! Vandal valves and pistons shall not disturb and then destroy the pristine pageantry of this park; so here the ancient ark-on-wheels rolls on, and rocks complacently.

Four-horse Concord coaches and canopied stages are the prevailing equipages. Occasionally an enthusiastic equestrian, reckless of the long rest he has given his horsemanship, mounts a prancing steed and, flourishing his riding-whip, gallops gaily away. You have not seen the last of this meteoric horseman. When returning from your journeyings you find him loitering by the way, and learn that he has discovered that "really, there is no hurry." He has entirely changed his plans and for the present intends to "take it easy." We travel by coach; and our conveyance—a three-seated stage with canvas canopy—is at the door. Frank Dow holds "the ribands," and four of us step in and seat ourselves. A keen, nervous American is beside Frank, on my right is the amiable Missionary Secretary, and a ponderous Pennsylvanian monopolizes the back seat. By frequent relays of horses the drive is accomplished in four days. Comfortable stopping-places are reached each night, thus avoiding camping out.

"Yip-yip," in sharp falsetto, quickly followed by a ringing crack of the whip, and away we spin at a rattling pace, passing in front of the Crystal Stairs, illustrated in our last article, and soon we begin to climb Terrace Mountain—first, gradually, amongst the glacial moraines which strew its skirts, then more abruptly, till in three miles we increase our altitude one thousand feet! Mount Evarts on the left revives the story of the starving explorer who almost left his bones to bleach upon its heights. Ahead is Bunsen's Peak, which towers above the shadows of the valley and bathes its summit in the morning light. The road winds up and along the side of a gorge called Glen Kehl, down which a mountain stream makes merry music. At a cost of over twenty thousand dollars, engineering skill has constructed this rock-hewn carriage-way, twenty feet in width. Rolling along up the smoothly-graded drive, the pretty bits are blended with the majestic. Soon we plunge into the canyon—a perpendicular wall of granite on the right, a yawning gulf upon the left. Over the low parapet which

walls the track you see but part way down the depths—the more impressive by this mystery. Climbing by gentle windings around bosses and bends in the cliff-side, we reach at length the Golden Gate—a jutting rib of rock, so notched by the road that a colossal gate-post stands at the outer verge. As you approach, the figment gains upon the fancy that at this awesome portal to the chasm the roadway ends. Just when you would admonish “caution,” the driver cracks his whip and, on the jump, the four-in-hand go forward. With bated breath you vainly search for sign of track beyond. Shrinking, you shudder at the thought of plunging into the abyss; when, swinging outward through the Golden Gate—to seeming nothingness,—a sharp curve inward sends the horses rushing with clattering hoofs over a wooden bridge or shelf which overhangs the gorge, while far beneath you is the rushing torrent. Threading this cramped defile, Frank becomes the incarnation of impetuosity and urges his horses forward. Gamely responding, they, like the steed of Roushan Beg,

“Up the mountain pathway flew.”

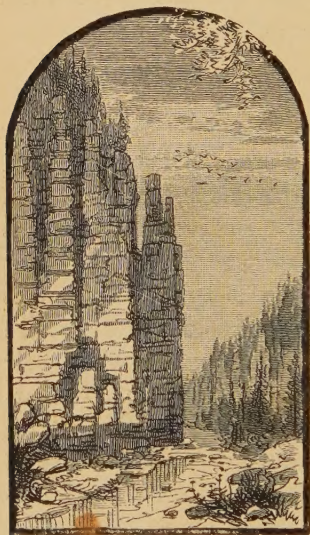
The walls of this rift in the rock are resplendent in their showy raiment of amber-tinted lichens. Suddenly we round a point and gaze upon a lovely spectacle! Yonder, from the plain above, the stream tumbles over the verge and, veil-like, spreads out its snowy folds as it falls into the canyon's clasp. Brilliant entombment! This granite aisle flames with light! The sun is pouring his morning flood between the beauteous banks, where bronze-coloured mosses bespangle the sombre stone with their bright banners, and the gorge is kindled into a blaze. Assenting right cordially that Golden Gate is no misnomer, we reach the summit and survey the graceful green expanse of Swan Lake Park. This beautiful plateau is crossed in about three miles, and is a pleasant valley rich with a rare flora that would bewilder the botanist of the lowlands. To see the verdure flecked with flowers of richest hues and varied forms here at your feet, and then, lifting your eyes, to look upon the encompassing peaks where rock and snow share sovereignty, afford a happy blending of the sublime and beautiful. Quadrant Mountain, with its four peaks approximating the cardinal points of the compass, impresses its individuality, and you gaze ad-

mirroringly upon its shining snow-fields, its white veinings in the gorges, and its shreds and streaks of silver where streams shoot sheer downward and festoon with falls the mountain-side. Emerging from this valley we cross, on a timber bridge, the West Fork of the Gardiner River, a stream of twenty feet in width. A little further on we ford the Middle Fork—somewhat larger than the other. Now the valley narrows, and these approaching slopes, with

“The hill-tops hearsed with pines,”

shut out the loftier hills behind. For a little while mud-holes in the road relaxed the tension upon our admiration. The rev. Doctor showed great deftness in climbing to the high side of the coach. In the acrobatic arena he would have been a “star.” As for Mr. Avoirdupois in the back seat, he rides with one leg protruding from the stage ready for any emergency. He was

christened “Commodore” when the stage began to surge, and above the creaking of our craft would come the shout “Commodore! Steady on that tiller!” but all the while the “Commodore” kept a sharp lookout for where to jump. Having come a dozen miles, we reach Willow Park, covered with a dense growth of willows and bordered by wooded slopes. A mile further and Indian Creek comes pell-mell down a canyon to our right. Nearing the edge of Willow Park, there was upon our right a smooth incline, dotted with pine trees, resembling a model deer-park with well-kept sward and almost encircled by dense forest. Across this pretty opening there scampered three per-

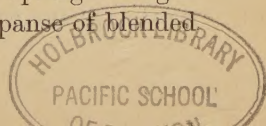


THE “OBSIDIAN CLIFFS” AND
“BEAVER LAKE.”

fect beauties of black-tail deer. On reaching an opening in the thick timber beyond they halted and turned a startled look upon us. It was such a picture as would thrill a sportsman with delight.

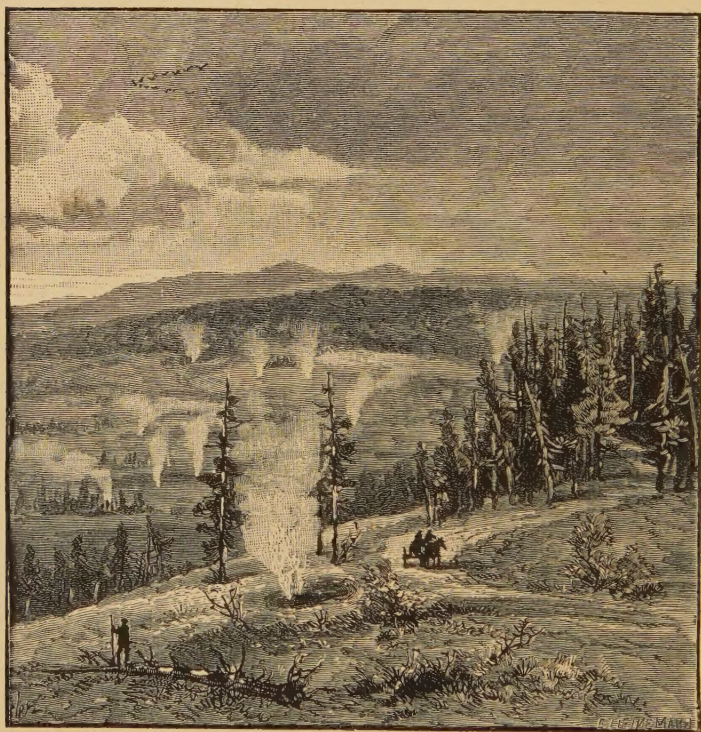
Following up beside the outlet of Beaver Lake, the beetling cliffs upon our left are plumed with pines, while upon our right, beside the corduroy over whose corrugations we bounce and bump, lilies are floating upon the stream. From a spring beside the road our party indulged in draughts of natural soda water, much better than many of the compounds dealt out at showy fountains. Now we travel along the base of ribbed and castellated sandstone, then on between rocky walls, and upon emerging, there, at our right, is Beaver Lake. There, too, are the dismantled public works of the departed amphibious builders—carpenters with their teeth and plasterers with their tails. Submarine mosses abound in this lake, and at its margin a pellucid pool attracts my notice and holds me with strong fascination. Beautiful beyond description are the emerald shades. Incomparably delicate are the exquisite walls of those Undine labyrinths, where the light is mellowed by the filmy fringes which arch shieldingly above them. Gazing into those clear, grotto-like depths, I lose myself in admiration, till I remember a greater wonder is behind me. Turning, I lift my eyes, and there the Obsidian Cliffs glisten and sparkle in the sun. A veritable mount of glass, translucent, yet inky black. Fragments bestrew the road, so that for rods we drive over the sombre macadam. Prospectors shivered by a blast one of the huge basaltic columns, and showered the shining volcanic glass now lying at our feet, ranging in size from massive spalls to merest splinters. Looking first upon the thin shaving in my hand, through which the sunlight feebly filters, I turn in mute amazement to the battlemented pile before me flashing back the sunlight from each façade. The passing clouds seem to float barely above the brow, and yonder projects a Norman turret, rounded and capped and shapely, as if the product of human hands.

The summit of Green Creek Hill is reached after a stiff climb of a mile or more. A bit of bad road through a dense forest brings us to where, through the trees, we see that sylvan sheet, the Lake of the Woods, glinting in the sunlight. Cresting a ridge we stand on a vertebra of the continental water-shed and overlook the head waters of the Norris Fork of the Gibbon River. A stretch of bottom land, with sulphur springs to right and left, brings us to Elk Park—a beautiful expanse of blended



wood and greensward. From a little eminence after crossing Norris Fork, we notice puffs of steam at a distance down the valley—signals that we are nearing the geyser region. A brisk whirl through a lovely forest-drive, and we halt for dinner at the tents in Norris Geyser Basin. A few minutes' walk by a woodland road, and I overlook a basin, bleached and blanchèd, where surely

“The angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the *earth* as he passed.”



NORRIS GEYSER BASIN.

(“The Growler” in the foreground.)

Strange indeed are my sensations as I approach the sulphur sarcophagus in which the valley is enshrined.

These encrustations sweep on over every undulation for a mile or more. Shreds of vapour hover over the whitened waste, where subterranean fires rage under sunken caldrons,

with chalky coverings. Stepping upon the treacherous dome, you tremble as you feel the throbs and throes of the contending forces, which threaten to rend the crust and plunge you in the boiling gulf beneath your feet. The roar and tumult of the foaming waters, the all-pervading stench of sulphur, the steam



IN THE CANYON OF THE GIBBON RIVER.

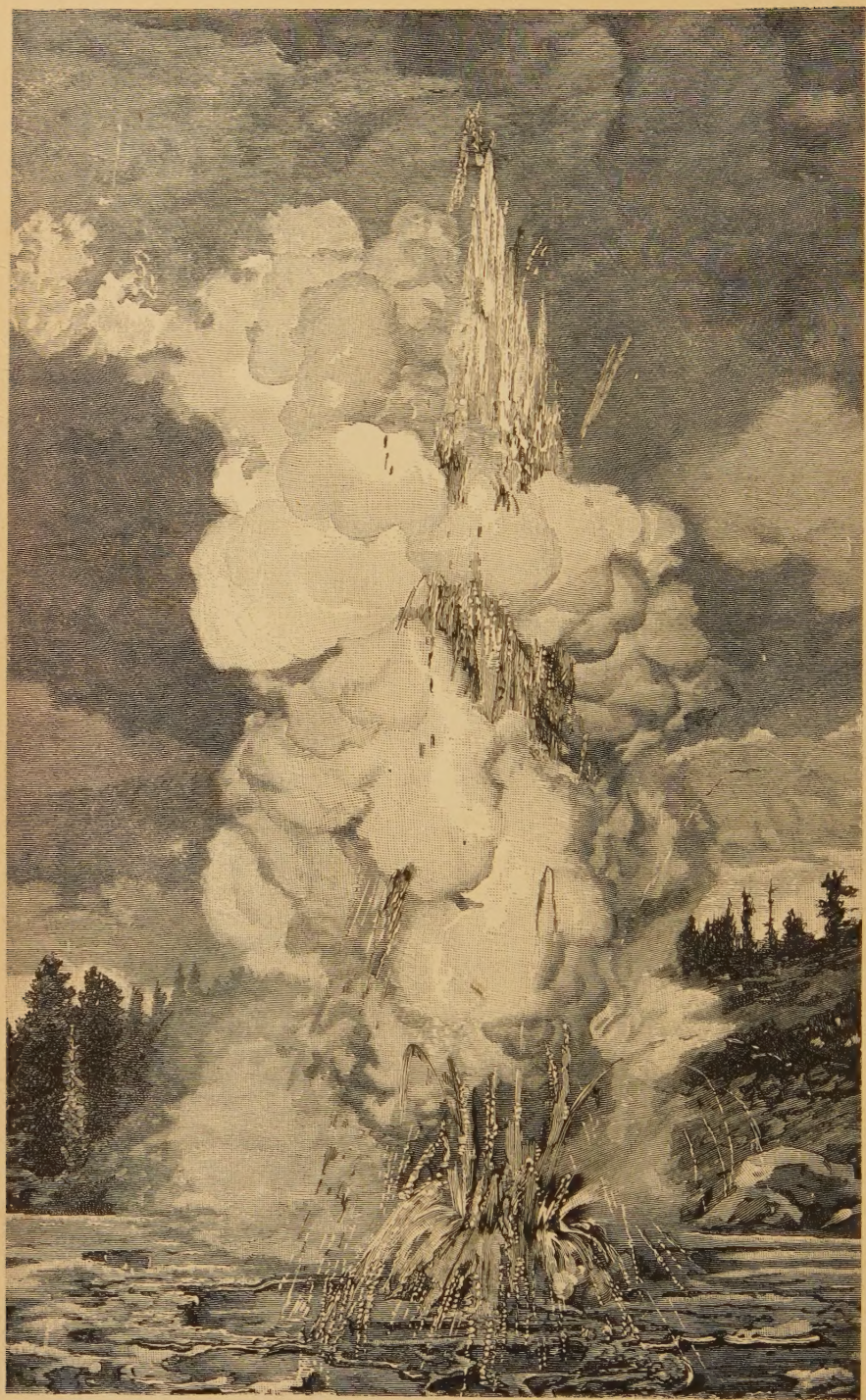
escaping from hundreds of fissures, and the spasmodic spurts and shafts of boiling water from the geysers—all inspire dread within the neophyte in nature's temple. Curiosity so conquers fear, that soon, unmoved, one witnesses far more startling sights than any here. The Monarch Geyser on our left formerly gave regal exhibitions, throwing a column, a yard in diameter, to a height of over one hundred feet. His glory, however, is departed,

arising from obstructions thrown into his throat by visitors. Thus an affection of the throat prevents this geyser—as it does some ministers—from “spouting.” The Minute Man yonder in the hollow sends the water thirty feet high at intervals that justify the name. The Mud Geyser (see headpiece) varies the rule with its basin of sputtering slimy slush of dirty blue. In the foreground of the picture of Norris Geyser Basin, and beside the trail, as we leave this uncanny spot, is The Growler, whence only super-heated steam issues with a hoarse guttural growl from between massive jaws, resembling closely those of a huge reptile. Crossing a succession of pine-covered ridges we traverse Geyser Meadows, now verdure-clad, but a foot or less beneath the surface are found the products of the extinct geysers on the hill before us. Beside us flows the Gibbon River, and from shore to shore its channel is paved with the white strata formed by hot springs.

Descending the picturesque canyon of the Gibbon is a delightful experience. We breathe an air made aromatic by the pine and spruce. On either side we are shut in by lofty rocky ranges. The torrent beside us is rushing and tumbling in beautiful confusion. The road is hard and smooth and the horses fresh, so away we go at top speed down a gentle declivity, and, rattling over the Gibbon bridge, wake echoes amid the hills. Still dashing on, with the headlong river on the one side and on the other the mountain's flinty face, we presently pull up at a gentle rise. Emerging from the canyon, an enjoyable drive through a trim, clean, piny grove, with a carpet of shifting shade and sunlight, brings us to the parapet surmounting the Falls on the Gibbon River.

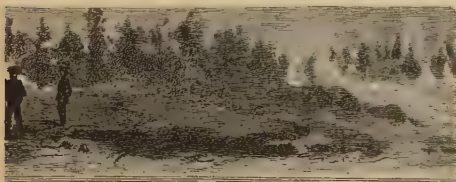
To view the falls, now below you in the gorge, you descend the steep side, clinging from tree to tree, till you stand almost vertically above them. Approaching the falls, the river flows between the wooded slopes of the wild mountain canyon; then comes the plunge over the brink. The semi-circle of ragged rock is draped with snowy, filmy foam—a veil of passing loveliness flung over stony features which glimmer through the lace with something of witchery. The leap accomplished, the river lingers a little in a placid pool and gathers fresh energy to thread its fretted way on down the canyon. (See frontispiece.)

The view from the parapet above is impressively grand.



THE "GREAT FOUNTAIN GEYSER."

For several miles there is a most charming drive over gentle slopes, up beautiful avenues, around graceful curves, and in and out among the dark pines till we pass those conglomerate buttes, called Earthquake Cliffs, and halt on Look-out Terrace. Off to the south, over a depression in the range, a snow-clad, pyramid peak appears—a spur of the Teton Mountains, 200 miles away. Descending from our perch and fording the Fire Hole River, we reach the relay station. The fresh turnout is excellent, and my observatory is beside the driver on the box of the leather-swung Concord coach. Entering a grass-covered plain, almost enclosed by wooded slopes, we notice upon its other verge the mound-like tell-tale terraces of the Lower Geyser Basin. The road leads over these geyser domes, and on the first one the driver so guided the stage that we skirted upon the very edges of four hot pools so that we might admire the lovely tints. Thence on to the higher dome, and *there* is the Great Fountain Geyser; my first glance into whose glassy depths I shall never forget. Stand on the brink of that funnel-shaped crater, fifteen feet in diameter narrowing to about five feet, and look into its depths. See the marvellously beautiful encrustations; and as the westering sun shines into the pool,



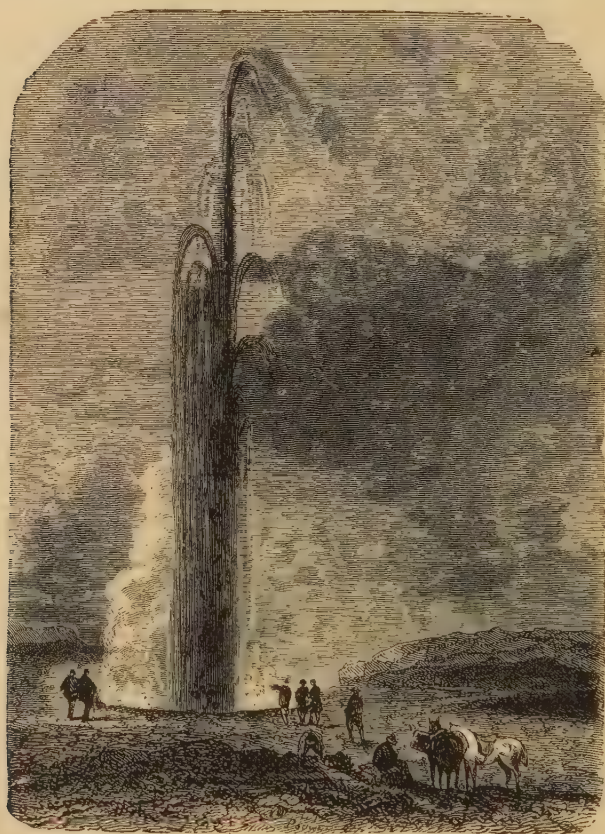
AT THE "PAINT POTS."

those coral-like walls blaze with richest prismatic tints. Strange, yes solemn, depths, that soon will be the scene of a commotion stupendously terrible and grand! The crater is

filling slowly, and as a certain high water mark must be reached before going into action, we spend the interval inspecting minor wonders.

First cross this little wooded ridge to the Paint Pots. You hear the porridge-like flopping before you see them, and then over the crest of the hill a strange sight presents itself—a huge white caldron thirty yards in diameter, with a rim four or five feet high, and within is a bubbling mass of white, pasty mortar. In fifty places it is heaving and boiling, like thick mush, tossing great clots a dozen feet in air; and here about the rim are cup-shaped craters in which the pearl-white paste blobs and

flops, now lazily, now smartly; sometimes spattering the face of the unwary with scalding lime. With its very rim touching the larger one is a pink-coloured vat in which rose-tinted mortar is boiling and puffing similarly; and all about are pink bowls and white bowls, side by side, as if here the Great Chemist came to play.

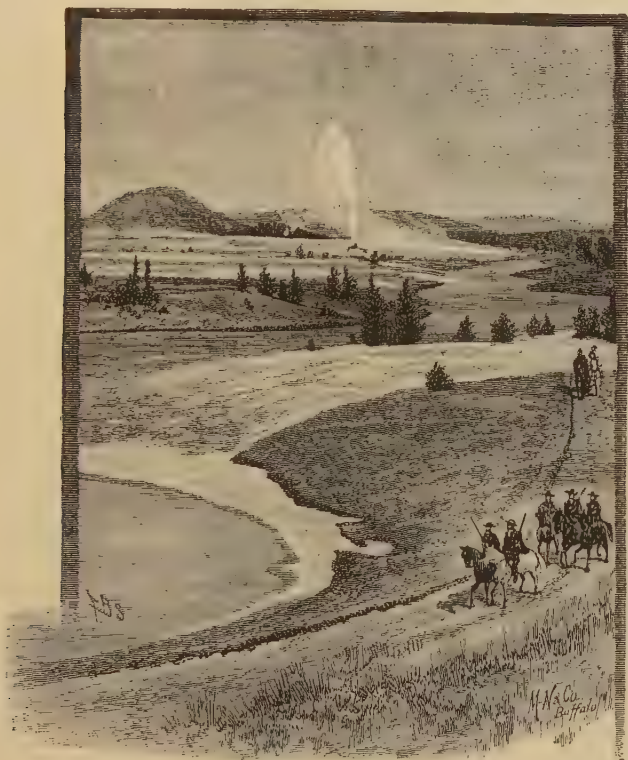


EXCELSIOR GEYSER.

Now we return to the geyser dome, where a tiny fountain called The Indicator is pumping up a ten foot jet, showing that the time is drawing near when The Great Fountain will be in action. But we still have time for a circuit of the throbbing dome which pulsates beneath our feet. To the left is The Grumbler, which groans and rumbles like a gang of turbine

wheels. Down a little further is The Jet, working actively all the time. Then moving on I look into boiling pools underlying the foot-thick shell on which I tread. The exquisite formations charm me—resembling coral groves.

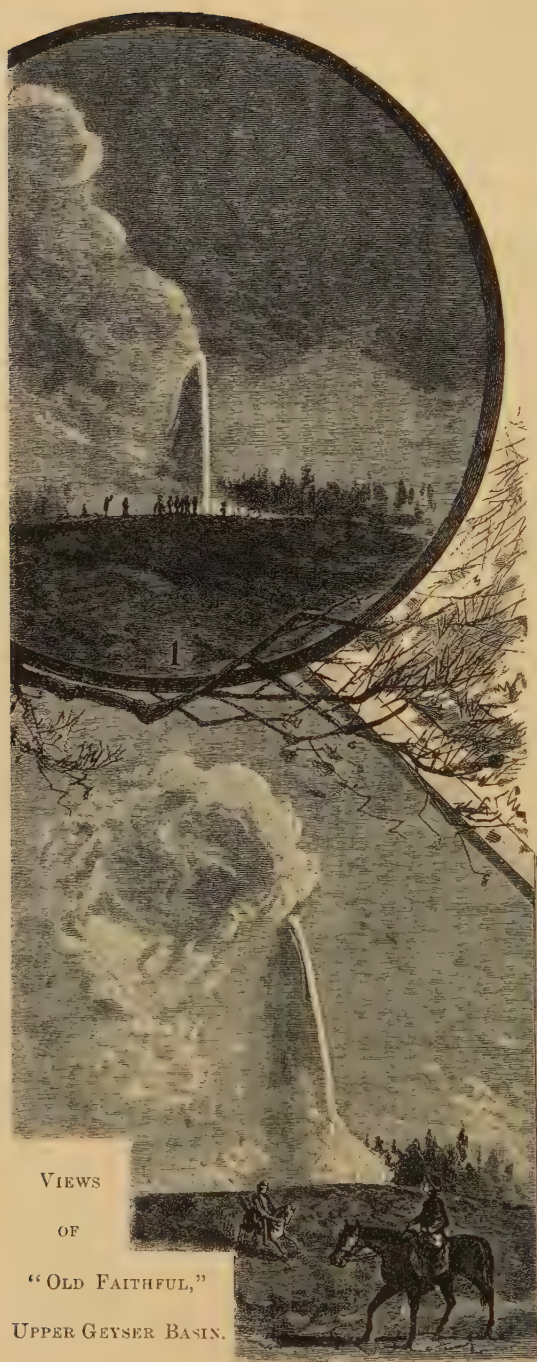
But I must find cooler footing, as my feet are burning with the heat of the formation. As I retreat I feel that I can find



UPPER GEYSER BASIN—"THE BEEHIVE" IN ACTION.

no parallel for the throbbing, groaning, thumping, roaring now going on beneath my feet. It were feeble to compare it to walking on the roof of earth's greatest aggregation of machine shops, mills and factories. It is simply incomparable.

The Indicator, which has been silent for some time, now begins to work savagely; so let us hurry over to The Great Fountain. It overflows the rim, and at one spot is boiling gently. The sun is yet one hour high. The wind is in the



VIEWS
OF
"OLD FAITHFUL,"
UPPER GEYSER BASIN.

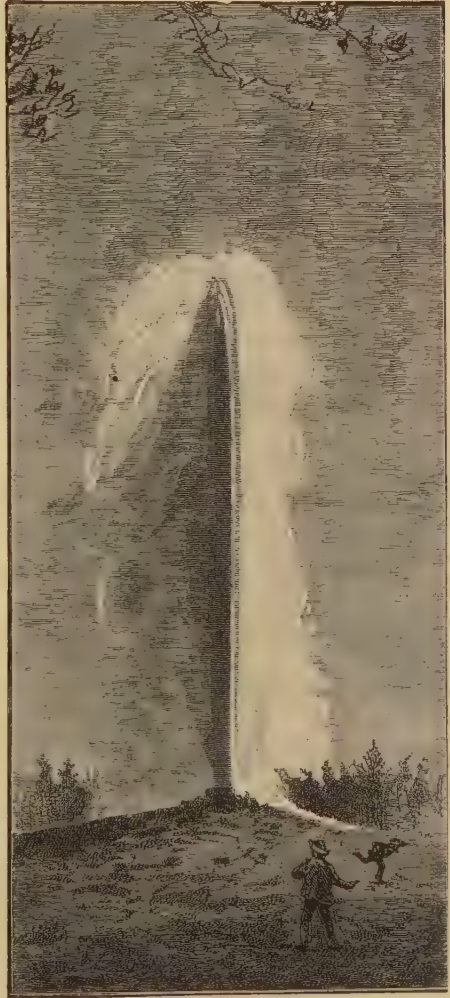
west. I stand upon the southerly side and look once more into this mysterious cavern, and then recede to wait. The boiling increases, till there—the Great Fountain Geyser rises into action! First, a huge upheaval, then the waters are lashed into surging foam, when, suddenly, as if shot from ten thousand nozzles, the columns are projected upward and outward. Each crystal shaft is silvered by the sunlight, and, breaking into sparkling pearls, falls a deluge at our feet. Ever forming and floating away is a cloud of steam, whereon is thrown a radiant rainbow—a fitting finale to the spectacle.

Now on board; and the four-in-hand being set to the run we spin down the gentle

declivity over geyser formation till soon we skirt the Fire Hole River, and here we are at Hell's Half Acre. Alighting and crossing a foot-bridge, we visit the largest basin of boiling water in the world; then, leaving it, we stand a moment on the crumbling margin of the oval pit where is the crater of the Excelsior Geyser. Steam obscures the view, but listen to the sullen moan as of a mighty tide breaking upon the shore. The Excelsior, we are told, is the greatest of all geysers, sending up a column sixty feet in diameter, to a maximum height of three hundred feet; but, as eruptions are separated by an interval of several years, we had not better wait. Now away to the Upper Basin, crossing miles of the tedious geyser formation, and among columns of steam from hot springs which so multiply around us that in one day they have become common-place. A little after sundown we pull up at the hotel in Upper Geyser Basin.

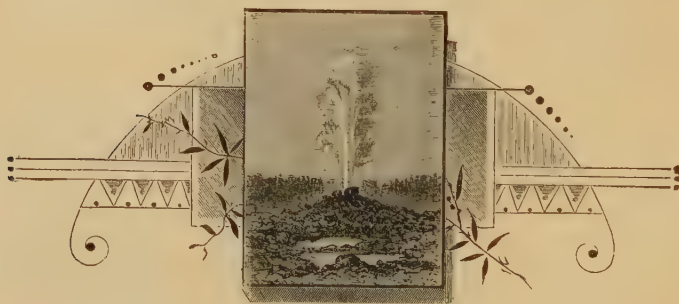
The cup of strange experiences is not yet full. We are told that

by taking a hasty supper we can see Old Faithful play before the light entirely fades. A quarter-past nine we leave the hotel and traverse the intervening two hundred yards to



"OLD FAITHFUL" IN ACTION.

where the steam is rising in majestic column. Twilight has so far deepened that the stars are shining. The gloaming lends impressiveness to the hour. As I stand well up on the symmetrical cone, beneath which the mystical forces are at work, there, exactly opposite to me, is the North Star. After several internal explosions, as of distant cannonading, and two or three guttural discharges like swelling sobs, the matchless column rises higher, and higher still, till it reaches over one hundred feet. Still, through the spray I see the star. A mighty spurt, and then the star is hid behind the gleaming shaft of boiling water. Stupendously sublime and unspeakably beautiful is the sight! Blown before the wind, the spray drifts off in ever-lowering file, like a spectral procession. The water makes a river where it falls. The steam rises to join the clouds. How strangely every fibre of my being thrills! My eyes are dimmed with tears—tears of gratitude—gratitude that I have been privileged to witness this imposing spectacle—gratitude that I can claim kinship to the God of Yellowstone Park; of whose Omnipotence I, to-day, have had so many manifestations—feeble to Him, but overwhelming to me. Gratitude that He who “rolls the stars along” and hides His stars behind shining, spray-crowned shafts of crystal, the same God—oh, precious thought!—“speaks all the promises.” I dare not trust myself to speak; my heart is full—and so, in silence, I walk away.



“OLD FAITHFUL.”

A HOLIDAY EXCURSION TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY HENRY E. CLARKE, M.P.P.

I.



KAKABEKAH FALLS, KAMINISTIQUE RIVER.

DISTANCE is annihilated in these modern days of fast travelling, and a journey that a few years ago would have required weeks of preparation, and months for its accomplishment, is taken now at an hour's notice, and completed within the week.

It seems to be but as yesterday when a trip to the Rocky Mountains was more formid-

able in the eyes of our people than a voyage across the Atlantic. Great were the preparations deemed necessary for the journey, sad were the leave-takings, and anxious were the thoughts directed to the future, when, after months had elapsed, news might be expected of the safe arrival of a bold traveller who had dared the perils of an overland journey across an unknown continent. Now a man can leave Toronto, in a palace car, on Monday morning, be transferred to a palatial steamer on Monday afternoon, enjoying for forty hours all the comforts, nay, even the luxuries of life, with that perfect rest which is only to be found in a staunch steamer on an inland sea; change again to a palace car on Wednesday morning, and

on Friday take his dinner in the heart of the Rockies, two thousand miles from home, after a journey of ease and enjoyment that can be appreciated in its fullest extent only by those who seek to escape for a while from the cares and worries of a city life.

We in Canada, like our neighbours over the line, believe in taking a holiday now and then, and we are wise enough to know that a complete change of scene—a trip to a distant land, or to a distant portion of our own land—is the best tonic that can be administered to mind or body worn down by the pressure of a business life. To those contemplating a trip for such a purpose, Manitoba and our North-West territories offer attractions not easily to be found in any other direction. True, we lack in this Dominion of ours some of the advantages to be found in European travel. Our country is new. We have no rich colouring of historic associations to lend their charm to Canadian scenery. No ghostly giants of the past, no names that are famous in song or story rise up in association with any scene to give the atmosphere a peculiar glow of poetic beauty and throw a glamour over the whole landscape. But our rivers would dwarf all the rivers in Europe. Our lakes would take in some of their kingdoms and hold them as tiny islands floating on their surface. Our mountains, if they are not as lofty, are more picturesque, while the beauty and boldness of our general scenery would compare very favourably with anything to be found on the other side of the ocean.

All this grandeur and beauty invites the tourist to change his route occasionally and visit portions of his own land that are well worthy of his notice. As an additional argument, he will be glad to know that his happiness will not be marred by that terrible *mal de mer* which overshadows the pleasure of most travellers as they contemplate an ocean voyage; that, on the contrary, his pleasure will be increased by the bounding pulse that responds to the purity of his native air. There is something in the atmosphere of the prairies that is nowhere else to be found, not even on the ocean; something that invigorates, that rejuvenates, that lifts a man above himself, and enables him to perform with the greatest ease that which, under ordinary circumstances, would crush him to the earth. I know no trip that will more amply repay the tourist of any country for the

time spent in an exploration for rest, enjoyment, and that pleasure which travellers feel who seek in their holiday to know something of their fellow-men, whether they are to be found at home or abroad.

The Canadian Pacific Railway puts such a trip within the reach of all, and in making provision for the travelling public it has left little to be desired. The journey from Toronto to Owen Sound, in some of its features, reminds one of the railway through the Semmering range of mountains in Austria, where, owing to the complete circles made in rising to the summit, the locomotive is sometimes like a kitten playing with its tail, the last car of the train coming nearly into line with the iron horse that draws it. This not unfrequently causes the car to oscillate so violently that nervous people have little time to admire the scenery. But the journey is safely accomplished, and at Owen Sound, on the 13th August, the steamer *Algoma* gives shelter to a promiscuous crowd, composed in part of business men seeking relaxation, men of pleasure seeking sport, and men of no particular calling seeking one, if perchance they may find it, in the far North-West.

The *Algoma** is one of three sister vessels built for this route. It is elegantly furnished throughout, has state rooms rather larger than the ordinary ocean steamer, and the table is equal to that of a first-class hotel. One of the greatest conveniences on board is the electric light, which is used all over the vessel, and shines steadily without a flicker, enabling the passenger to read with comfort, where other steamers put a strain upon the eye that is very trying to sight and temper.

Most of the travellers spend their evening in social games of chess and other innocent amusements which while away the time in the most agreeable manner. The Sault Ste. Marie is reached at noon of the following day, and some hours are spent before the steamer can pass through the locks—a magnificent piece of workmanship on the American side of the river which gives to our cousins the key of Lake Superior. These locks are four hundred feet in length, and one hundred feet in width, giving them capacity for two and three vessels at a time, and

* The disastrous wreck of this fine steamer, on the 7th of last November, at Isle Royale, off Thunder Cape, will be remembered by the readers of this MAGAZINE.—ED.

yet there is considerable delay in getting through, so great is the commerce on this inland sea.

The voyage from the Sault is rather monotonous, as the steamer strikes directly across the lake and rounds Thunder



THUNDER CAPE.

Cape, the entrance to Port Arthur, early on the following morning. Formerly a fur-trading station, this place in 1868 became the base of operations during the construction of what was known as the Dawson route to Manitoba, and a thriving settlement was formed, which, in 1870, when Col. Wolseley landed with the 60th Rifles and Canadian volunteers, on his way to

suppress the first Riel rebellion, was by him named Prince Arthur's Landing, in honour of the young prince, who had just then become very popular in Canada. It is at the head of Thunder Bay—a beautiful body of water which, for safety and extent of accommodation, is undoubtedly the finest harbour on the Northern lakes. Nineteen miles in length and thirteen in width, sheltered on one side by Pie and Welcome Islands, on the other by the terraced bluffs of the mainland, it could give accommodation and safety to all the commerce of Lake Superior.

On these terraced bluffs, making a beautiful picture as it is approached by water, the town of Port Arthur, as it is now called, is solidly built, and presents an appearance of wealth and enterprise not often associated with our ideas of life in these northern regions. It has a population of some four thousand inhabitants, and accommodation for half as many more, for there is not a town in the Dominion that has as many hotels and taverns within the same area. The withdrawal of the C. P. R. labourers, and of the money they put into circulation, has very seriously affected the business of the place, and just now it is passing through a period of depression; but those who ought to know speak with great confidence of its future. No doubt so long as the C. P. R. makes it the lake terminus of the line, it will be the outlet for the wealth of the North-West. The immediate neighbourhood is rich in natural scenery, running streams, falling waters and bold bluffs, uniting to make such pictures as are presented by the Kakabekah Falls on the Kaministiquia River as given in initial cut.

From Port Arthur to Rat Portage all seems so barren and desolate, that a hasty passage through it would lead one to the conclusion that the territory so long in dispute was not worth the bickerings and bad passions let loose over its acquisition by Ontario. It certainly does not at first sight look as if it were worth the money paid by the province in establishing her claim to it. But a principle cannot be measured by a money value, and any Government in Ontario would have been open to very grave censure if they allowed what proved to be rightfully hers to pass out of her possession. It may be, too, that what presents such an unpromising appearance to the passing observer will, upon closer investigation, turn out to be a mine of wealth; for nature will hide, and very often does hide, some of her



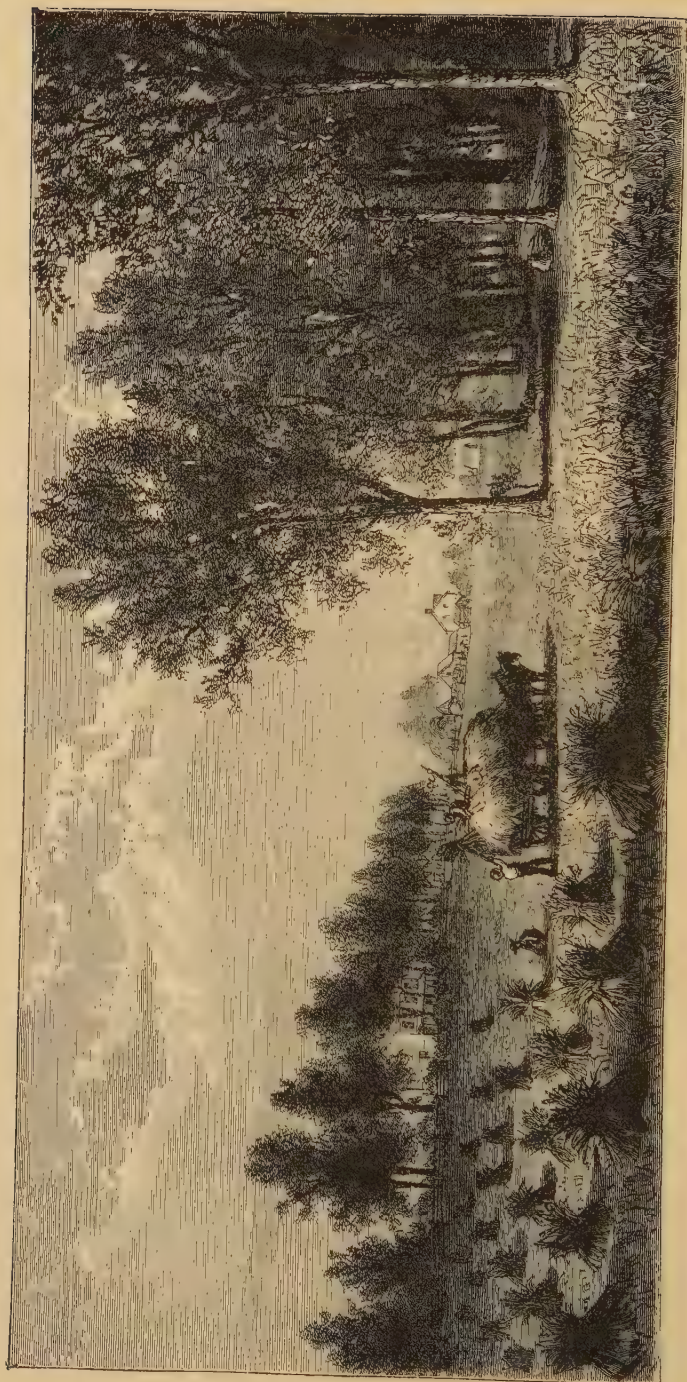
CITY OF WINNIPEG.

richest treasures behind the frowning rocks that stand in their barrenness like sentinels guarding the wealth that lies hidden around. Silver there is in the neighbourhood, there can be no doubt of that; and quartz is found in abundance with deposits of other metals that warrant the expectation generally held of great mineral possibilities.

Winnipeg is a surprise and an astonishment even to those who have read of its gourd-like growth. Fifteen years ago it was unknown, to-day it is a city of more than twenty thousand inhabitants, doing a business out of all proportion to its population. It has one of the finest streets on the continent—a street one hundred and thirty-two feet in width, block-paved from the railway station to the Assiniboine, and having substantial stores on each side that would do credit to any city in the Dominion. As the distributing point for the whole of the North-West, the volume of business done is immense, and promises as much for the future of Winnipeg as has been done in the past. Making every allowance for the wild boom of 1882, when it would have been as difficult to find ten sane men in the city as it was to find ten righteous men in the cities of the plain, its growth has been simply marvellous, and it stands to-day a wonderful monument of Anglo-Saxon energy. The city, has not yet recovered from the shock it received when the bottom fell out of the boom, but confidence is being restored, and a more healthy progress is being made.

Those who hold city lots out on the prairies have yet to be swept away, and the grounds they hold have to be turned into farms and gardens. When this is done, the progress of the city will be unimpeded. Unfortunately many of these lots are held by loan companies, who, advancing money on them at the time of the boom, find themselves now unable to realize by foreclosure what was advanced, and, being unwilling to make the sacrifice necessary to put them to their proper use as vegetable gardens or farms, the lots hang like an incubus round the neck of the city retarding, and in some cases preventing, its natural growth.

Three miles north of Winnipeg is the old Scotch settlement of Kildonan, the headquarters of the loyalists during the first Riel rebellion, and to-day one of the most flourishing, well-to-do, well cultured, happy and contented settlements to be found anywhere.



KILDONAN.

Portage la Prairie, like Winnipeg, went mad in 1882 and spread itself over the plains as if it were destined to become a city of half a million. The lesson taught by the collapse of the boom has not been lost, and her people just now are rather inclined to err on the side of too much caution. The farms in the neighbourhood are rich and well cultured, and the wheat crop promises an abundant yield.

Brandon seems to be the only town in Manitoba which passed unscathed through the land fever of 1882. There are no signs of wreckage—no deserted houses and barricaded windows. Every house is tenanted and many new houses of a better class are being erected. The only sign left of the land fever is the one sign common to every town laid out at that wild period—far out upon the prairie, beyond the sound and almost beyond the sight of living habitation, building lots are staked off and avenues with high-sounding names intersect these lots reaching out far enough to make a world's metropolis. Undoubtedly those who laid out the town sites were men of large ideas and of a faith that laughed at impossibilities. Fortunately, the people of Brandon were wise enough to avoid these widely extending outskirts, and the town is compactly built upon a hill overlooking a valley of marvellous beauty. Some of our artists would find this ravine—called the Grand Valley—a charming picture for pencil or canvas.

Brandon, from its situation and surroundings, is likely to become a city of considerable importance. It has many natural advantages, and its people are enterprising enough to work them all to the fullest extent. Probably the richest farming community in Manitoba is found in its immediate neighbourhood, or between the city and Souris on the south. I was shown an immense tract of land, about two miles square, and was told that four years ago the owners of this gigantic farm—a man with his four sons—had come there poor men, had taken half a section each, and to-day they have sixteen hundred acres well under cultivation, and are numbered amongst the wealthy men of the land. Fortunes are not always made so rapidly, but energy, skill and perseverance are never unrewarded on a soil of such marvellous richness.

It would be a mistake to suppose that every man is successful who takes up land in the North-West. Some men would be

failures anywhere. There is no way of barring out the shiftless and 'improvident, and therefore it is that, scattered here and there over the territories, there are to be found dissatisfied and discontented grumblers, speaking evil of the country, railing against fate, and charging their misfortunes against everything but their own incompetency. Men who came into the country expecting to be made rich without labour, or, if labour is grudgingly given, expecting to be made rich in three or four years at the most.

In Ontario, or in any part of the older provinces of the Dominion, men are satisfied if, after a struggle of ten or fifteen years, they can obtain a moderate competency. In the North-West, if riches do not come in a year or two, the arm becomes nerveless and in too many cases the man becomes a sorehead and a grumbler. The country will never be built up by such characters. Fortune is a goddess that must be won by energetic wooing. She will not scatter her favours on every passer-by, and the soreheads who flocked to a supposed Eldorado, expecting to reap where they had not sown, must give way to more sensible men, who are content to labour and to wait for that reward which follows honest toil. Political discontent is fomented largely by the class of persons referred to above, and it is much to be feared that professional agitators, in their eagerness to turn every weapon against the Government of the day, take advantage of such discontent to make false representations as to the condition of the country which are calculated to do an irreparable injury. The small end of the telescope is turned towards that which favours the progress of the country, the large end towards every petty grievance until it is magnified out of all proportion to its value.

The people of the North-West want no wild exaggerations introduced into any reports dealing with their lands or their institutions. They know that it will be better for the country and for all concerned if in reporting upon its character and condition "nothing is extenuated nor ought set down in malice." They believe that a simple, truthful report is all that is required. The richness and fertility of the soil, the certainty of adequate return for labour spent, the possibility, nay, the very great probability, of reaping a competency in one-fourth of the time that would be necessary with the same expense of labour in older countries—these are the inducements that ought to be

held out when inviting the settler, in choosing a home, to select our own great territories.

Settlement is what is needed. Get the population up to half a million and nothing can prevent the future growth of the country in wealth, in numbers and in every creature comfort. At present the population is scattered over too wide an area. There is too much isolation. The people want to be brought more together, to feel their own strength, and to co-operate more readily in large undertakings. Perhaps one of the greatest drawbacks at the present time is that individuals try to do too much. No man can properly farm one hundred and sixty acres alone. Co-operation is needed, and if that may not be had, then it would be much better to farm sixty acres thoroughly, rather than waste time and seed and plant in trying to cover a full quarter-section. A man trying to do too much makes but little headway.

None of the towns outside the boundaries of Manitoba have sufficiently developed to indicate their future. Regina, the capital of the territories, is intensely new; the place is dotted all over with wooden buildings that have not yet received their first coat of paint, giving to the town the appearance of a place that had sprung up in the night. The business portion of the town hugs the railway station too closely for imposing effect, but the people are doing a thriving business, and expect before long to build back to the brow of the hill, a mile or so south of the station.

Through the courtesy of Chaplain Deane I was conducted to the cells of the prisoners awaiting their trial for participation in the rebellion that had just been suppressed. I was glad to find the cells clean and free from any offensive odour. Some of the Indians were remarkably intelligent-looking. They were of all ages from sixteen to sixty, and bore their imprisonment with the stolid equanimity of their race. I was introduced to Big Bear, who offered me his hand as politely as a Frenchman, and made a speech which was fluent and graceful enough, but, for aught his visitor knew, he might have been preaching rebellion or anything else that was in his heart.

The feeling in the North-West does not seem to be as bitter against the Indians as it is against those who incited them to take up arms. They are looked upon as mistaken men, who were altogether misled by the emissaries of Riel, and thought

they were fighting against a party rather than being led against the constituted authorities of the land. Against Riel, however, the feeling was very bitter. An amnestied rebel returning again to head a second rebellion, it was felt that he ought not to escape the punishment due to such a crime. The people are not vindictive, but surrounded as they are by uncivilized tribes, who are kept in awe by the authority and majesty of the law, they felt that a terrible example should be made where a terrible crime had been committed, and that it would be a dangerous weakness to allow the leader of a rebellion to escape for a second time. For the Indians who were misled there was considerable sympathy, and a belief was entertained that it would be good policy if, after they had been imprisoned for a short time, they were to be released and placed upon their good behaviour.

OMNISCIENCE.

BY D. L. MACLONE.

I THINK of all the hearts that ache,
 The eyes that flow with tears,
 The souls that bear the heavy weight
 Of sorrow-laden years ;
 And thinking of it all to-day,
 My own heart aches in sympathy.

The misery, and want and woe,
 The sad and hateful strife,
 The failings and the hopelessness,
 That make the sum of life :
 The souls that get so far astray—
 O hapless world, O mystery !

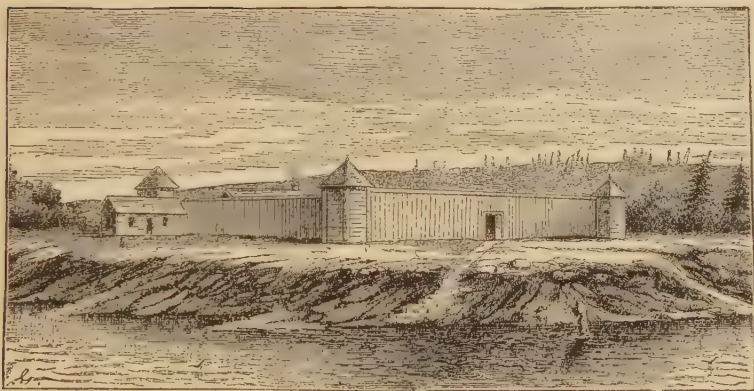
How great must be the love He bears,
 Who all our woe hath seen,
 And heard our cries ; yet doth not lift
 The veil that hangs between—
 He knows we could not comprehend
 The means, the wisdom, or the end.

How tender must He be, and strong,
 Who knowing every thought ;
 Oft seeing man deny His care,
 And set His love at naught,
 Doth yet withhold the seal of death,
 Doth not consume us by a breath !

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

I.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.



A HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S POST.

FOR more than two centuries the North-West Territory of British America was occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company. Throughout this vast region furs were the only species of merchandise the export of which was remunerative. Everybody talked fur, and every available position in the accessible parts of the territory was seized upon by free-traders for the collection of peltries. But while many were gathered in this way, and traders speedily grew rich, their furs formed scarcely a drop in the bucket when compared to the vast collections of the Hudson's Bay Company. This company brought annually to the English market an average value of £150,000 in furs, and furnished the world with three-fourths of its peltries.

The Hudson's Bay Company was a wheel within a wheel. Under the charter, the supreme control of its affairs was vested in the company proper, which furnished the capital stock, and the partnership of the Fur Trade, which was employed to carry out the actual workings of the business. Sir George Simpson, the Arctic explorer, was the first person appointed to fill the

high office of Resident Governor, which was instituted immediately after the coalition of the Hudson's Bay and North-West Companies in 1821. His council was composed of the highest rank of officers in the service, called Chief Factors, whose duty and right was to sit at its meetings whenever their attendance was practicable. Members of the second rank of commissioned officers, called Chief Traders, were also requested to sit in the council, which was held with closed doors.

The vast operations of the company, extending over so great an extent of territory, with establishments remotely connected, and at times only accessible by the accident of favourable stages of water, demanded an army of employés, in each of whom the prosecution of its peculiar business required certain well-defined mental and physical characteristics, and a rigid training in the duties pertaining to his situation. Although itself an entirely English corporation, its officers in the fur country were nearly all natives of Scotland and the Orkneys. The nominal term of enlistment was five years, although the more direct understanding was that the applicant should devote his life to the trade. Arrived at York Factory, the recruit is generally sent to pass the first five or ten years of his apprenticeship in the extreme northern districts of Mackenzie River and Athabaska. This is done that he may at once be cut off from anything having a tendency to distract him from his duties; in order, also, to be drilled in the practical working of the Indian trade. The occupations of his first years are those of salesman behind the counter in the trading-shop, and an occasional trip with the half-breed traders attached to the post to the various Indian camps in the vicinity for the barter of goods for peltries. The cultivation of the Spartan virtue of truth also obtains, no misrepresentations being permitted in order to effect sales in that service. In the discharge of such minor duties a few years glide uneventfully away, and the next advancement brings him to the accountant's office.

At the accountant's desk the apprentice—now known as a clerk—remains generally until fourteen years of service have elapsed, unless placed in charge of a fort, other than a depot, as chief clerk. His salary, too, has increased from £20 to £100. He has lived entirely in the mess-rooms of the posts at which he resided; his associations have been with his elders and

superiors in the ranks of the service: his habits of life are fixed, and sit so easily upon him as to suggest no desire for change. His ambition points but one way—to a higher rank in the service he has chosen. At the expiration of fourteen years of service, if a vacancy occur, the clerk steps from the ranks of salaried employés into the partnership of the Fur Trade, and assumes the title of chief trader. Upon the assumption of this dignity, in the place of a yearly stipend, his emoluments take the form of a *pro rata* of the annual profits of the trade, and he is appointed to the command of some important post, until death or retirement opens the way for entrance into the ranks of chief factors—the highest class of officials known to the service.

In the exercise of the functions of this office he assumed control of a district—in many instances as large as a European kingdom—with headquarters at the largest fort within its limits, and a general supervision over all other posts. He had attained the summit of the ladder, with the exception perhaps of governorship, and can rest secure. The accumulations of many years, which he has had little opportunity of spending, have by this time placed him beyond the reach of pecuniary care, and he finally resigned upon half-pay, to visit the scenes of his youth for a season, then to return and pass the remainder of his days in the far settlements of the isolated country where his life has been spent.

As a man, the wintering partner was eminently social, and given to a generous hospitality. His years of isolation only served to render him the more gregarious when opportunity presented. As a family man, he was exemplary. It may have happened that, rendered lonesome by his isolated position and cut off from society, in the days of his clerkship he has petitioned the Governor for the privilege of marriage; and, gaining consent, has taken to wife a daughter of the land. If matrimonial desire has overtaken him further on, however, and when more advanced in rank and means, he has probably ordered a wife from the House in London, and having received her by return packet, married out of hand.

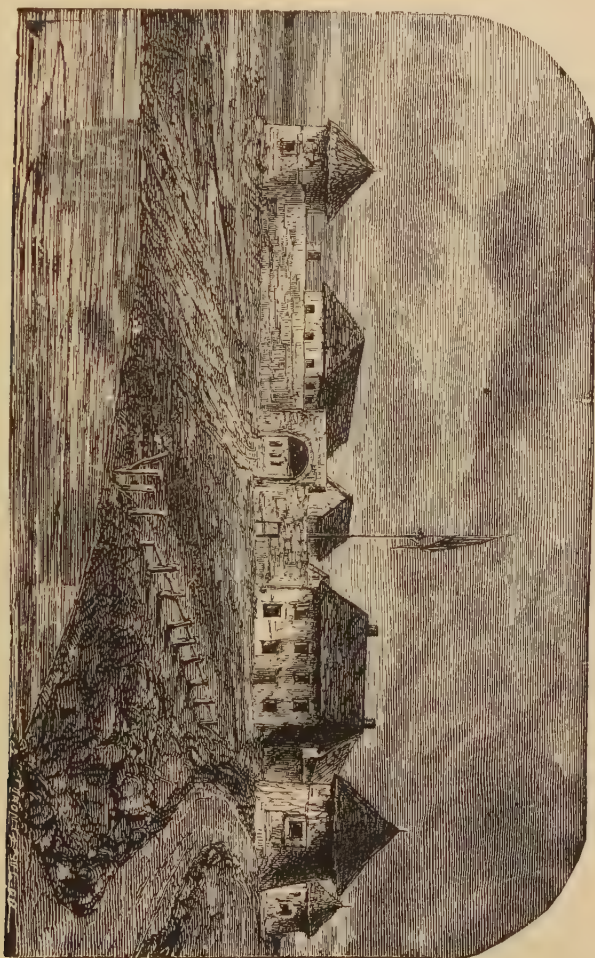
Generally speaking, Manitoba was selected as a place of residence by servants of the company who had passed their lives in the service. Owning the handsomest residences in the

province, social by nature, and supplied with abundant means, they are given to a generous hospitality. The latch-string is always out to the stranger, and they delight in meeting upon each other's hearthstones and recounting the wild life of the past.

The transfer of the country to Canada has attracted a tide of immigration to the Province of Manitoba, and on up the fertile belt of the Saskatchewan. And while the northern part of North America is still much in the possession of the company, yet the rapid settlement and development of the southern portion, and the consequent opportunities for speculation and high wages, have served to dissipate the quiet content of the company's officers. Some of them have left the service and have engaged with free fur-trading firms, prosecuting business in opposition to the company, or have carried on the fur-trade on their own account.

The extent of territory over which the Hudson's Bay Company carries on its trade, and throughout which depots and forts are established, is very great. As the crow flies, the distance between Fort Vancouver, on the Oregon, and Fort Confidence, on Bear Lake, exceeds 1350 geographical miles, and the space between the company's posts on the Labrador coast, or their station at Sault Ste. Marie, and Fort Simpson, on the Pacific, measures more than 2,500 miles. The area of country under its immediate influence is about four and a half million square miles, or more than one-third greater than the whole extent of Europe. This vast region is everywhere sprinkled over with lakes, and in all directions intersected by rivers and streams, abounding with fish. The most northerly station, east of the Rocky Mountains, is on the Mackenzie River, within the Arctic circle; so intense is the cold at this point that axes tempered specially can alone be used for cutting and splitting wood, ordinary hatchets breaking as though made of glass. West of the Rockies, the most northerly station is Fort Simpson, situated near the Sitka River, the boundary between Alaska and British Columbia. Throughout this vast extent a regular communication is kept up, and supplies are forwarded to all the district forts with a regularity and exactness truly wonderful. Some of the depot forts had thirty or forty men, mechanics, labourers, servants, etc.; but most of them had only

ten, five, four, or even two, besides the superintending officer. As in most instances a space of forest or plain, varying from fifty to three hundred miles in length, intervened between each



OLD FORT GARRY.
(From a Sketch, by Lord Dufferin.)

of these establishments, and the inhabitants have only the society of each other, some idea may be formed of the solitary lives led by many of the company's servants.

The term fort, as applied to the trading-posts of the Fur Land, was strictly applicable to but two. Two of the most important forts in the country were Upper and Lower Fort

Garry, in the Province of Manitoba. The others were merely half-a-dozen frame buildings defended by wooden pickets or stockades ; and a few, where the Indians were quiet and harmless, being entirely destitute of defence of any kind. Upper Fort Garry, as the residence of the Governor, and the central post of the Northern department, might be considered the most important fort of the company. Lower Fort Garry was a better sample of the ordinary posts of the company. At this post, during the summer months, boat-brigades were outfitted for the trip to York Factory and other posts inland.

Another important post was Fort William, on Lake Superior, for a long time the head-quarters of the rival North-West Company. Here the grand councils and banquets were occasions of lavish pomp and luxury. Sometimes as many as twelve hundred natives, factors, clerks, *voyageurs* and trappers were assembled and held high festival with a strange mingling of civilized and savage life.

The general construction of these forts is as follows :

Immediately at the left of the gateway is the trading-store, devoted solely to the sale of goods. A large stone structure of three stories, it has within its walls nearly every article used in that climate. A small area is railed off near the door, sufficiently large to hold twenty standing customers. It is not at all an unusual sight to see from fifty to one hundred people standing quietly about outside until their time comes to be served. The best goods of all manufactures alone are sold here. No shoddy or inferior goods are ever imported or sold by the company. The principal articles of trade are tea, sugar, calico, blankets, ammunition, fishing-gear, and a kind of cloth, very thick and resembling blanketing, called duffle. Coffee is rarely sold, and green tea is almost unknown, the black only being used. The sale of spirits was permitted only upon two days of the year. On Christmas and the Queen's birthday each head of a family was permitted to purchase from the stores of the company, upon an order countersigned by the Governor, one pint of spirits. In the event of spirits being required for medicinal purposes, the signature of both Governor and attending physician were necessary.

Amidst this stock of merchandise, composed in so great a part of staple articles might be found, an assortment of dress goods

and gewgaws over a century old—old-time ruffs, stomachers, caps and what not. Here, too, may be purchased the latest styles of wear upon Cheapside and Regent's Park—kid gloves of fabulously low prices: made-up silks, Parisian bonnets, delicate foot gear, etc., with near neighbours of huge iron pots, copper cauldrons, and iron implements of grim aspect and indefinite weight, together with ships' cordage, oakum, pitch and other marine necessities. Over this dispensary of needfuls and luxuries presides an accountant and two clerks, none of them gotten up in the elaborate costumes of the counter-waiters of civilization, but rather affecting buckskin coats, corduroy trousers, and the loudest styles of flannel shirts.



OLD HUDSON'S BAY FACTORY, FORT WILLIAM.

In such a store there is no such thing known as exhibiting goods with a view of increasing the purchases of a probable customer. Whatever is asked for is produced, and, being paid for, the customer is ignored at once; his room is evidently better than his company. There is, however, no need to urge the majority of its patrons to purchase. The nomadic half-breed or Indian brings his money, or whatever he may have to exchange, wrapped carefully in a handkerchief, places it upon the counter and begins to trade. First, he purchases what he absolutely needs; then, whatever he sees—candy, chewing-gum, fancy ties—in short, anything that tastes sweet or looks flashy. When all is spent, to the last half-penny, he trudges off with his happy squaw—his invariable companion when shopping—

quite contentedly, although probably in doubt where his next meal is to come from.

Leaving the trading-store, a succession of warehouses containing stores and supplies is next encountered. The last and most massive building, near the gateway, is the warehouse of packages destined for posts inland. The greater portion weigh but eighty or ninety pounds, strongly packed, the cases lined with zinc and bound with iron. The packages are of this limited weight from the necessity of "portaging" them from river to river, sometimes a long distance, upon the shoulders of boatmen; and they must be strong in order to ensure safe transport over a thousand or more miles of rough travel. Twice annually this warehouse was emptied by the departure of the boat-brigades for the interior, and as often replenished by shipments from England. Summer is the busy season, as then all the freighting is carried on, and the accounts for the year closed.

In the centre of the inclosure rises a flag-staff, bearing the flag of the company, with its strange design, and still stranger motto, "*Pro pelle cutem*"—skin for skin. Scattered along the bank of the river lie moored or drawn up on the beach the miniature navy of the company; here a lake steamer, there river steamboats, then schooners, yachts and a whole school of whale boats, with one mast, unstepped at will, and of three and a half tons burden, used in the freighting service, and requiring nine men as crew. Drawn upon the beach lie birch-bark canoes of all sizes and conditions, from the little one of a single passenger capacity to the long dispatch boat requiring thirteen navigators. The birch-bark canoe is the Indian's buggy. One or two steam-tugs whistle and puff rapidly up and down the stream, towing rafts of lumber, boats laden with limestone, fire-wood, etc. Oxen are used for freighting to a large extent; trains of several hundreds, harnessed singly in carts, crossing the prairies, being not an unusual sight. The majority of the large forts have their stockyards and farms, and the amount of wealth accumulated in this way is enormous.

Churchill Factory is situated about five miles from Hudson's Bay, upon a small bay on the Churchill River, and above it, extending a distance of seven miles, to the lower rapids, is a large marsh. The factory receives its supplies once a year from a vessel which arrives in the latter part of August or early in

September, and starts back upon her homeward voyage after a delay of about ten days, the severity of the climate rendering it imprudent to make a longer stay. By the end of December snow covers the stockade which surrounds the factory from six to ten feet deep. Through this mass pathways about five feet in width are cut.

The return of spring and summer, after a long, gloomy winter in this region, is like an awakening to a new life. The welcome change is thoroughly enjoyed. Summer treads so closely upon the heels of winter as scarcely to leave any standing ground for spring. One of the great drawbacks to the



PORTAGE LANDING.

enjoyment of the summer consists in the myriads of mosquitoes that fill the air, and give the weary dwellers no rest day or night. In September the sandflies and midges are innumerable, the latter insinuating themselves all over the body, the clothes affording no adequate protection.

Widely different from the great depot forts, however, are the trading-posts of the company—quaint-looking places constructed according to a uniform type. Built generally upon the second or lower bank of a river or lake, though sometimes perched upon the loftier outer banks, a trading-fort is invariably a square or oblong, enclosed by immense trees or pickets, one end sunk deeply in the ground, and placed close together. In the prairie country this defence is stout and lofty, but in the wooded region it is frequently dispensed with altogether. A

platform, about the ordinary height of a man, is carried along inside the square, so as to enable any one to peep over without being in danger from arrow or bullet. At the four corners of the palisade are bastions, generally two stories high, pierced with embrasures, to delude the Indians into the belief that cannon are there, and intended to strike terror into any red-skinned rebel daring to dispute the supremacy of the company. The trade-room contains every imaginable commodity likely to be required by the Indian—bales of cloth of all colours, capotes, blankets, scalping-knives, gun-flints, fire-steels, files, gun-screws, canoe-awls, coloured glass beads, fish-hooks, needles, scissors, thimbles, red and yellow ochre and vermilion for painting faces and canoes, tin and copper kettles, guns, powder, balls, etc., etc.

In many of the forts the trade-room is cleverly contrived to prevent a sudden rush of Indians, the approach from outside the pickets being through a long, narrow passage only of sufficient width to admit a single Indian at a time, and bent at an acute angle at the window where the trader stands. This precaution is rendered necessary by the frantic desire which sometimes seizes the Indian to shoot the trader.

Time moves slowly at many of these isolated trading-posts and change is almost unknown. The Indian trapper still brings his martin and musquash, and his wants are still strouds, cottons, beads, and trading guns. Only outside the walls, where a rude cross or wooden railing, blown over by the tempest, discoloured by rain and snow-drift, marks the lonely resting-place of the dead, does the roll of the passing years leave its trace.

Until a comparatively recent date the system of trading at all the company's posts was entirely one of barter, money values being unknown. Latterly, however, the all-potent dollar is becoming a recognized medium of exchange, especially at the forts nearest the borders of civilization.

The life of the company's servants is a hard one in many respects, yet it seems admirably suited to the daring men who have shown a patient endurance of every hardship and privation in the fur-trade. Indeed, no other branch of commerce has tended more to bring out man's energy and courage. To the pursuit of fur may be traced the sources from which the knowledge of three-fourths of the continent of North America has been derived.

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

BY THE REV. JOHN LATHERN, D.D.



SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

THE name of Sir Henry Havelock must ever find a conspicuous place in the military annals of our country. Kept back when he ought to have been promoted, he nevertheless did his duty, and he had his reward. Thrown to the front in a great emergency, at a time when the energies of ordinary men were paralyzed, he proved equal to the occasion, and the great qualities which he possessed found national recognition. His deeds warrant his fame. It was not by

any accident of circumstance or effort of frantic valour that he accomplished the deeds which have immortalized his name. They were the result of calm and strong purpose, of a clear and well-balanced mind, thorough professional knowledge, decided military genius, prudence combined with chivalrous daring, commanding influence over other minds, and consummate wisdom of generalship. "The name of Havelock," said Count Montelembert, "recalls and sums all the virtues which the English exercised in a gigantic conflict."

Henry Havelock was born at Bishopwearmouth, in the North of England, April 5th, 1795. His education was received at the famous Charter House School, London, where among his

associates were Hare, Grove, and others who afterwards rose to distinction. The stern discipline by which as a soldier he was ever distinguished was largely due to the severe training of an English public school, under the rigid system of the olden time. The Duke of Wellington once said that the battle of Waterloo was won at Eton, and in a measure Havelock was indebted to the Charter House for the disciplined power which enabled him to capture Cawnpore and to relieve Lucknow. Intended for the legal profession, Henry Havelock was for a time the pupil of Chitty, the eminent special pleader; where he had Talford, who afterwards rose to a judgeship, for a fellow-clerk. But the gown was soon to be exchanged for the sword, Blackstone for Vauban. The struggle between France and England for national supremacy, appealed to his patriotism. About a month after the battle of Waterloo, yielding to "the propensities of his race," the gifted student became a lieutenant in the 95th Rifles. Eight years were spent mainly in the quiet and monotonous routine of English barrack life. But the time was not wasted. He was determined to excel in his profession. The study of text-books in military science, operations of war as conducted by soldiers of renown, and the history of ancient and modern battles, furnished him with principles and precedents for future guidance. Having also a preference for service in India, he prepared himself for it by the study of Oriental languages. By exchange he was transposed to a regiment bound for the East, and landed in India in 1823.

That voyage to the East was signalized by an important event in the spiritual history of the young soldier. "It was while sailing across the Pacific to Bengal," as noted in his journal, "that the Spirit of God came to him with its offers of peace and mandates of love, which, though for some time resisted, at length prevailed." From the first Havelock had the courage of his convictions. His profession of religion was never obtrusive, nor ostentatiously paraded, but in the unshrinking avowal of allegiance to conscience, truth and the law of Christ, he never faltered. Duty became the guiding star of his life. "Every inch a soldier and every inch a Christian," as Lord Hardinge once said of him, he demonstrated the compatibility of religious fervour with military enthusiasm. By the sublime consistency of Christian character, combined

with high professional distinction and intrepid fearlessness of spirit, he compelled even thoughtless men to do homage to the religion of Jesus. Havelock had an altar in his tent. He publicly ascribed victory to Almighty God. On the morning of his memorable struggle, in which the beleaguered Residency of Lucknow was relieved, he rose before break of day to obtain time for secret prayer.

In 1829, he was married to the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Marshman, the illustrious Serampore missionary. The following year, holding views of doctrine and discipline in accordance with the Baptist section of the Church of Christ, he became a member of that community, and to the period of his death remained one of its most steadfast adherents. In loyalty to principle, and in a stern, despotic sense of duty, the Baptist soldier resembled old Puritans of the noblest stamp.

*"In hoc signo, pale nor dim,
Lit the battle-field for him,
And the prize he sought and won
Was the crown for duty done."*

A very marked feature of Havelock's religious life was deep solicitude for the spiritual welfare of the men under his charge. A solemn resolve was formed when he first arrived in India with his regiment, from which he never swerved, to devote time and attention to the religious interests of the soldiers: "to assemble them together, as opportunity might be afforded, for reading the Scriptures and for devotional exercises." At Rangoon, during the Burmese war, the regiment occupied a Buddhist temple. In a cloister of the magnificent pagoda the men were assembled for worship. An officer hearing the sound of psalmody, strange enough in a centre of heathenism, threaded his way to the side chapel. There he found about a hundred men of the 13th, with Havelock in their midst, singing praises to the world's Redeemer. Oil lamps of the oratory had been gathered up for light, and for fixtures they utilized the miniature images around the room; each idol becoming significantly the holder of a burning lamp.

A glimpse of a later Sabbath scene at Jellalabad, indicates the growing influence of an earnest and consistent religious life. In one of the squares of that Afghan town the whole British

force had been assembled. Standing in the midst of officers and men, with brow bared to the open sky, Havelock read the Church service. Instead of the psalms of the day he substituted the forty-sixth—Luther's battle-hymn—"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear." The thrill and power of that psalm are said to have produced a profound impression on the minds of those present. There was a renewed sense of dependence on God and a stern resolve "to defend the battlements to the last extremity."

"At Cabul," says an intimate friend, "Havelock was on the staff of General Elphinstone. But as his old regiment, the 13th, was then at Cabul, he was able to meet the men. Assisted by some officers of the artillery, he assembled them on Sabbath evenings for Divine service, and met them occasionally during the week. I have to this day a very vivid recollection of the fervour with which all joined in the service and sung the hymns."

From Sir Colin Campbell, on one occasion, a very honourable testimony as to the value of Havelock's influence was won. There was a sudden attack in which, through drunkenness, the men of another corps failed to appear at the sound of the bugle. "Call out Havelock's saints," was the order of the impetuous commander: "they are always sober, can always be depended on, and he is always ready." One of the "saints" was at a certain time reported drunk. Havelock was not satisfied to allow the imputation until proved. An official inquiry showed that another man of the same name, but no saint, was the delinquent. "I wish," said Colonel Sale, who presided at the inquiry, "that the whole regiment were Baptists: for their names are never in the defaulters' roll, and they are never in the lock-up."

One thing is apparent in the career of Havelock: spiritual exercises were never allowed to interfere with soldierly service. He was a stern disciplinarian, ever rigid in exacting obedience. Those with whom he associated in the intimacies and fraternal freedom of religious exercise, found that upon duty he could be known only as an officer, inflexible in adherence to military requirement. When in 1835, as a candidate for promotion in his regiment, he encountered determined opposition—on the ground of being "a Methodist and a fanatic"—the appointment was

made. He became adjutant, because, as the result of impartial inquiry, he was found " unquestionably the fittest man in the corps for it."

Soon after Havelock's arrival in India he was ordered to Burmah. There he fought with the army at Napadee, Patanago and Pagham-myo. That war was rendered memorable and has become historic, through the cruel imprisonment of the heroic missionary Judson, and of his not less heroic and devoted wife. In 1838, after serving twenty-three years as a subaltern officer, Havelock was promoted to a captaincy. An army was then being formed to invade Afghanistan. He marched with the expedition to Cabul, where the army suffered disastrous defeat, and a humiliation almost unparalleled in the annals of British warfare. One brilliant exception to the gloomy disasters of that invasion was the defence of Jellalabad. For several months, from November to the following April, Havelock was shut up with Sir Robert Sale in that city. Endurance was subjected to a stern test. They were surrounded by hosts of infuriated Afghan warriors, flushed with the pride of success. Slender defences had to be strengthened. They had to contend with famine and earthquake, as well as with the deadly artillery of the foe. But a bold policy was adopted. There was not to be a thought of surrender. An attack upon their assailants, by whom they were immensely outnumbered, was planned by Havelock, superior to Sale as a strategist, and proved a brilliant success. The Afghans were beaten back, their camp burned, the standards of their proud cavalry taken, and several guns recaptured.

During the first Sikh war, Havelock was engaged in almost incessant service. The Sikhs were found to be superb soldiers, for whom the Sepoys were no match in battle. Even English soldiers faltered at times beneath their scathing fire. They had strong entrenchments, abundant artillery, superior numbers, and they fought with intrepid determination. Another such action as that of Ferozeshur, Sir Henry Hardinge believed, would shake the empire. Havelock, now promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, was repeatedly under fire. At the battle of Moodkee two horses were shot under him, and at Sobraon his third horse was smitten down by a cannon ball that passed through his saddle-cloth. After a

brief visit to England, in 1849, during which he was presented to the Queen at St. James', he embarked again for Bombay. The Persian war, in which he was appointed to an important command, fortunately came to a sudden termination. Havelock returned to India, now the scene of mutiny, where he was appointed to the command of troops for the revolted territory. He was thus brought face to face with an exigency for which, humanly speaking, all the past had been but a preparation.

In May, 1857, the centenary year of the battle of Plassy, in the city of Meerut, in Northern India, a cry of fire was suddenly heard. It was at the close of a quiet, sultry Sabbath, just as the Europeans were preparing for church. Soon other sounds, the shouts of Sepoys, the clattering of cavalry, and the rattling of musketry, mingled in ominous confusion. It was not fire merely. The Bengal army had revolted. One hundred thousand men set themselves to work to overturn British rule, and to sweep away from that land every trace of Anglo-Saxon supremacy. For a time the progress of the mutineers, marked by massacre, plunder, and fire, and atrocities of the most diabolical kind, was fearfully rapid. Stronghold after stronghold fell into their hands. The British flag was torn down amidst wild cries, and the rebel flag was hoisted in its place.

To encounter that revolt, which without a check swept almost from Meerut to Allahabad, a flying column was formed, counting not over fourteen hundred bayonets. Command of this column was given to Havelock, with the rank of brigadier-general. There had been up to this time no English victory; the rebels exulted in easy triumph. It was a season of the year in which deluges of rain alternated with sultry heat, when sun-strokes and cholera might prove more fatal in a forced march than the guns of the foe. But not a moment was to be lost.

On the 12th of July, Havelock, pressing towards Cawnpore, reached Futtehpore, about halfway between Allahabad and the city he sought to capture. It was Sunday morning. From a forced march, the men were greatly exhausted, and the General determined to make that a day of rest. Soldiers were seated on the green sward, arms were piled, pipes lighted, and tea was brewing. A twenty-four pounder ball, with sudden and whizzing noise, bounded into their midst. The men sprang to their muskets. A line of battle was formed; the struggle

was brief. Havelock thanked his soldiers. Eleven guns were captured and the Sepoys scattered, without the loss of a British soldier. This astonishing result was attributed to the rapidity and accuracy of their artillery fire, to the power of the Enfield rifle, to British pluck, and to the blessing of Almighty God. Three days after, the insurgents were found again in position, but were driven in panic flight from their entrenchments. What Havelock needed that day and all through his march was cavalry. His entire force amounted to twenty horse—a volunteer corps made up chiefly of young officers left without regiments in consequence of the mutiny.

The victorious army halted for refreshments beneath the shade of trees. But the halt was short. The Sepoys had rallied at the Pandoo bridge and were preparing to destroy it. The river, swollen by rains, flowed through a deep ravine, and the breaking up of the masonry of the bridge might arrest the march to Cawnpore. The sun was beating down with intolerable power. But the men at once grasped their arms, fell into line of march, and routed the rebel horde. The next day Havelock, still marching on the left bank of the Ganges, encountered Nana Sahib. The main trunk road, by which the British column advanced, was covered with artillery of large calibre. By skilful manœuvre, taking advantage of a piece of wood, the General turned the position and attacked flank instead of front. The rebels did not shrink from hand-to-hand encounter with Europeans. But notwithstanding their superior numbers, entrenched position, heavy artillery, and cavalry force, Havelock and his heroes, fasting and weary, fought and conquered, and that night had their first view of the roofless barracks in which ruthless massacre had been perpetrated.

All General Havelock's victories were the result of masterly movement. It has been thought by some professional men, that for consummate generalship the battle of Cawnpore has not been surpassed in the military annals of India. As an incident of Eastern war, nothing could be more magnificent than the charge of the 78th Highlanders. Exposed to the fire of three guns which he could not silence, Havelock ordered the Highlanders to take the battery. Over the broken and heavy ground, with sloped arms and rapid tread, in deep, stern silence, locked in an impenetrable array, calmly closing up their shattered ranks, without waiting to fire a shot, the gleaming and resistless

bayonets advanced, and as the word "Forward" rang along their unfaltering lines, with the pibroch pouring forth a martial peal, they cheered and charged. Too late for themselves, the Sepoys learned the terrible power of the stern and stalwart Northmen.

Early on the morning after battle, as they hastened to the scene of Wheeler's encampment, the British learned the facts of Nana's darkest and most atrocious deed. The pavement was swimming with blood. Mother and maiden, merry boys and little girls, all had been slaughtered. There were portions of ladies' dresses, collars and combs, frocks and frills, and tiny shoes of the little ones floating in the crimson pool. Amid revelry and mirth this infernal deed had been perpetrated. The mangled bodies had been thrown into a well of the compound. Over that well a monument now bears the appropriate inscription: "I am the resurrection and the life."

Cawnpore was captured. But the goal of Havelock's march was Lucknow. The Residency, of which we heard much in those days, included not only the residence of the Chief Commissioner of Oude, but a church, officers' houses, and several other buildings. It was more like a small town than a single residence. The siege of Lucknow commenced on the first of July, and the next day the garrison was deprived of its brave commander, Sir Henry Lawrence. From the bursting of a shell in his apartment he was fatally wounded. As he lingered for a time in anguish, he spoke calmly to those around him, gave instructions for the continued defence of the Residency, remembered a sainted wife whom he hoped to meet in heaven, strengthened his faith by a last sacramental communion, and asked that there might be no fuss about his funeral. A hurried prayer, offered amidst the boom of battle, was the soldier's only requiem. The Residency had still to be defended. Englishmen are brave and English women patient. Amid ruined and roofless houses, crumbling walls, dilapidated defences, shattered and disabled batteries, month after month, day and night, they held the post. Mines of the insurgents had penetrated their lines of defence. At any moment their batteries might be blown into the air. All endurance might in the end prove unavailing. But there was never a thought of surrender. A proud memory of that defence thrills through the exulting refrain:

"And ever upon our topmost roof the banner of England flew."

Turning from the blood-stained streets of Cawnpore, Havelock crossed the Ganges, and began his first march for Lucknow. The Sepoys, confident in their superiority of numbers, took the open field. By English fire their force was soon broken, and fifteen guns became the spoil of the victors. The rebels having rallied at Busserutgunge, the bugle of battle sounded a second time that day, and before sunset another victory was won. As Havelock rode along where wearied men rested on their arms, there was a cordial salute: "Clear the way for the General." "You have done that already," said Havelock in a tone that touched a deep chord in the soldier's breast, and many a veteran invoked a blessing upon the honoured commander. The confidence of the troops had been thoroughly won, and this was more than half the battle. The little army was elated with success. But Havelock knew that, having to fight battle after battle, he could not hope to reach Lucknow with more than six hundred men. Could he retreat?

Having obtained a small reinforcement, Havelock began a second march of relief. Another victory was wrenched from the insurgents on the old battle-ground at Busserutgunge. For a time he swept rapidly on towards the city which he sought to succour and save. But in swamp and jungle, through which the relieving host forced its way, there lurked the deadliest of all foes—cholera. Men who fought and conquered the rebels in the field by day were compelled to succumb to disease in their tents by night. There was no alternative. Encumbered with cholera-stricken and dying men, the little army must again beat a retreat. The General well knew that Sepoys through a wide territory would construe retrograde movement into a confession of weakness. To neutralize the effect as much as possible, he sought out the rebels, struck another decisive blow, and made them feel that in the prowess of battle they were no match for British troops. But General Havelock felt keenly enough now that the position was a most critical one. His men were dying at a rate which in six weeks would not have left a single man. "Things are in a most perilous state," he wrote to his wife, "and I write as one that may see you no more."

Even at Cawnpore, to which Havelock fell back, there was stern struggle for existence. At Bithoor, in its vicinity,

with a hope of speedy recapture, Nana Sahib had massed his forces. He had with him the best of the mutinous soldiery. The Sepoys held one of the strongest positions in India. They sullenly stood their ground in the presence of artillery and musketry fire. But they could not stand the shock of British steel. Bayonets charged and rebels fled. That day Nana's power was broken. His strength was no match for Havelock's weakness. The spectacle of a little band of soldiers, isolated in the midst of revolted provinces, wasted by disease, smitten by the burning Eastern sun, facing and fighting numerous armies, hurled upon the foe in the entrenched city or in the open field, ever aggressive and ever victorious, produced an impression throughout Northern India of the certainty of ultimate British triumph. It is not too much to say that the battle of Bithoor saved our Eastern empire.

For a month Havelock was compelled to remain inactive at Cawnpore, awaiting reinforcements. On the 15th of September, Sir James Outram, bringing needed help, reached the city. Sir James fully understood the stupendous efforts of Havelock, and in order that to him might accrue the honour of relieving Lucknow, waived his own rank and right to command, and chivalrously joined the relieving force as a volunteer.

And now at the head of two thousand five hundred men, with the gallant Outram at his side, Havelock began his third march of relief. After crossing the Ganges, he gained a tenth victory over the mutineers. The British had been too late at Cawnpore, and there was a fear that, too late for succour, they might now reach Lucknow. But on the 22nd, the sound of garrison guns was heard. The General knew that his countrymen still lived. That day a message was sent through the air—a message from the cannon's mouth. The boom of the British gun, as it rolled heavily through the Residency, bore Havelock's signal of succour: "Hold the fort, for I am coming." The fort was held.

At Alumbagh—the garden of the world—a residence of one of the Oude princes, a force of ten thousand mutineers awaited the advancing army, but in a severe contest were driven from the position. One day at Alumbagh was needed for repose, and the next morning—the 25th—the troops were drawn up for the last tremendous contest.

The little army was now within three or four miles of Lucknow. Between them and the city was a low plain covered by thick grass. A canal ran through the plain, and a bridge crossed the canal. As the column of relief defiled through the plain, the tall, rank grass streamed with musketry fire. On the bridge was a deadly battery. But Havelock's heroes remembered Cawnpore. The murderous battery was silenced. Crossing the bridge into the main street of the city, they found it a lane of death. Deadly fire was poured from every aperture, and sloped down from the flat roofs of the houses. Fifty thousand Sepoys raged around them in demoniac fury. Slowly through walls of fire and avenues of flame, the relieving host forces its way. While horse and hero fall, the gallant Neil slain, Outram wounded, the track of relief strewn with dying and dead—for in four days the Highlanders lost one-third of their number—the shadows of evening gathering around them, they still press on to the lines of the Residency. The feeble ramparts are pierced. Rescuers and rescued rush into each others arms. The joy of deliverance was almost more than could be borne. The closing lines of Tennyson's "Defence of Lucknow" may best depict the scene :

" Outram and Havelock breaking their way thro' the fell mutineers,
Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears,
All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers,
Forth from their holes and their hidings our women and children came
out,
Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusileers,
Kissing the war-harden'd hand of the Highlander, wet with their tears !
Dance to the pibroch !—saved !—is it you ? is it you ?
Saved by the valour of Havelock, saved by the blessing of heaven !
' Hold it for fifteen days ! ' we have held it for eighty-seven !
And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England flew."

With the first relief of Lucknow the campaign of General Havelock came to a close. But his march has become historic. When his stupendous achievements are looked at in the light of his slender resources, and of what might well have seemed to be insuperable obstacles, they will be found not to have been surpassed in the annals of war. The name of the General became one of sudden renown. Sovereign, peer, and people vied

in rendering homage to the hero. But for him, so far as earthly life was concerned, honours came too late. The strain of suspense and severe exertion had brought complete exhaustion ; with reaction came death. About two months after the garrison had been relieved, the remains of the immortal Havelock, followed by Campbell and Outram and Inglis, were committed to the dust, in a low plain of the Alumbagh. Havelock's death was a fitting close to such a life. As years of military service had been a preparation for the last campaign, so a faithful Christian course prepared him for conflict with the final foe. "I have so ruled my life for forty years," he said to Sir James Outram, "that when death came I might face it without a fear."

"Victorious at Futtehpore, victorious at Lucknow,
The gallant chief of gallant men is more than conqueror now."

AMHERST, N. S.

"THE LAND AFAR OFF."

A LAND wherein bleak winter doth not reign,
But always summer sweet unto the core ;
Where broken hearts are knit in love again,
And weary souls shall wander out no more ;
Where bliss is greater for all woe before ;
Where fair flowers blow, without earth's sad decay,
And friendship's happy voices, as of yore—
But tenfold dearer—ne'er again shall say
"Farewell," but ever "Welcome to this shore !"
Or, "Hail, tired pilgrims, to this golden day,"
And "Come, ye blest, to joys which shall not pass away !"

A country in whose light our souls shall bask ;
A goodly heritage—where all we sought
Of hope, and love, and every pleasant task
Shall centre gladly—far beyond all thought !
And He, the Lamb—who from all evil bought
His chosen people—shall our eyes behold,
And graciously, as when on earth He taught,
His voice shall speak again—clear, as of old,
But with no ring of sorrow in its tone ;
Glad presence, walking in the streets of gold !
Almighty King, with people all His own.

THE FINAL OUTCOME OF SIN.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, D.D.

II.

III. IT SHALL NOT BE RESTORATION AFTER A LIMITED PERIOD OF PUNISHMENT.

1. *This theory is based on the assumption that suffering can do for man that which Christ failed to accomplish*, forgetting that punishment is the result of neglecting the only way of salvation, and is not itself a means of salvation. Let us suppose for a moment that the theory is true—that suffering can save men,—and we are at once confronted by the awful spectacle of rival Saviours, and our ears catch the echo of rival songs of praise: “A great multitude that no man can number,” singing, “Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His blood, . . . to Him be glory both now and forever;” and another multitude, perhaps equally great, singing, “Unto the penal fires that burned the sin out of us, be glory both now and forever.” The supposition is too horrible even to be talked about, so we pass on.

2. *Those who teach the theory of Restoration entirely misapprehend the design and effect of punishment.*—They suppose it to be always and everywhere corrective, and designed for reformation, never retributive. This is a great mistake. The idea of retribution enters into almost every form of punishment inflicted by either God or man.

There are three aspects of punishment which cover the whole ground. It is either (1) Corrective, the object of which is the reformation of the offender; or, (2) Preventive, the object being to detain others from sinning; or, (3) Retributive, the object of which is to inflict deserved penalty upon the impenitent. To these three aspects of punishment there are, in the universe, three corresponding Powers:—1. The Family, where punishment, as to its design, is chiefly corrective; 2. The State, whose punishments are chiefly deterrent or preventive; 3. The Supreme Being, whose punishments are chiefly retributive. In God’s dealings with men all three aspects appear; but in

this life the first two are the more prominent. He "chastises" His children, "not for His pleasure but for their profit, that they might be partakers of His holiness." Such, however, are not retributive punishments, but fatherly corrections, which in the end yield "the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby." But in His dealings with the ungodly we perceive a marked difference. There the retributive element appears, and not uncommonly it is "judgment without mercy." When God punished the antediluvian world with a universal deluge, there was no subsequent restoration to His favour when the punishment was over. When He overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah, the baptism of penal fire had in it no corrective element. It was "judgment without mercy," and affords a significant indication of the principles upon which the Divine government proceeds. "He that despised Moses' law died without mercy, under one or two witnesses; of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy who hath trodden under foot the blood of the covenant wherewith he was sanctified, and counted it an unholy thing; and hath done despite to the Spirit of His grace." But observe, it is only upon the impenitent that God inflicts the "sorer punishment." He who yields to God's mercy finds forgiveness, present, full, and free; but he who passes unsaved beyond the boundary of this life's probation, shall find "no place of repentance though he seek it carefully with tears." When a sinner has suffered for ages he is no more worthy of Divine favour than before, because the evil nature remains unchanged. "The Lord knoweth how to . . . reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished;" but no hint is given that he reserves them to be restored to favour when the punishment is over.

3. *Punishment has not the power which some claim for it, of even deterring men from sin in the future.*—Wicked men are often punished in this life, and yet run greedily after sin again. Behold the libertine, who has already received in himself the recompense that is meet! His substance wasted; his body rotting in the foul disease engendered of his lust; does he forsake his beastly wickedness because of the punishment? No! he only curses the law that entails the misery. Behold the drunkard! How often he has been stricken and punished. Wealth squan-

dered—health impaired—home destroyed—friends all gone. Does he stop? Does he even pause? Very seldom. Down he goes to lower and still lower deeps, till the untold horrors of *delirium tremens* seize upon him, and he suffers, before the time, all the agonies of the lost. How all the forms and forces of the infernal regions seem to gather around him! Loathsome insects “weave their soft webs about his face;” slimy serpents with forked tongues and burning eyes crawl upon his couch, and hiss with fœtid breath in his maddened ears; horrible demons sit upon his labouring chest, and choke back his stifled cry for help. With piercing shriek he turns to fly, but suddenly, at his very feet, yawns a terrific chasm, through the blackness of whose darkness surge waves of tempestuous fire; and as he sinks, and *sinks*, and *SINKS*, through fathomless voids of space, on every jutting crag sits a horrid fiend who with devilish leer mocks his despairing terror and cries, “Art thou become as one of us?” Oh, is there anything more dreadful foreshadowed in Scripture? And yet does it deter him? No! when the awful visitation is past he cries, “I will seek it yet again!”

4. *The theory assumes that man can exhaust the curse and penalty of sin*, and hence that the death of Jesus Christ was wholly unnecessary. Of this, however, there is no hint in the Scriptures. They teach that when the sinner is cast into prison “he shall in no wise come out thence till he has paid the uttermost farthing;” while as to his ability it is declared he has “nothing” wherewith “to pay.” In this theory it is forgotten that sin is a self-perpetuating evil, and man cannot exhaust its curse by enduring it unless sin itself is destroyed. But punishment cannot destroy sin: only Divine grace can do that; and the sinner who passes unsaved into the spirit world goes where grace cannot reach him. If the penalty of sin could be exhausted by suffering, punishment would cease to be punishment, and would become a means of grace. But of this no hint is given in the teachings of the Word of God. The punishments of the future are “the wages of sin,” not moral forces by which a lapsed soul can be restored to holiness and the favour of God.

5. *Assuming, for a moment, the possibility of Restoration, how, in the nature of things, is it to be brought about?*—Shall it be by the mere fiat of Omnipotence? That cannot be. “The

Divine government," says the Rev. Marshall Randles, "is not a series of isolated arbitrary acts; but a vast network of relations, wide and lasting as the universe, in which sin and punishment stand to each other as cause and effect. It is in the nature of sin to tend to perpetuate itself, and to produce misery. This process is a matter of natural and moral law. To cut off the proper effect of sin, and cause it to be followed by eternal joy, by the sheer force of Omnipotence, would not only be an abrupt break in the course of natural law, but a violent wrench of moral relations, forcibly making sin the precursor of happiness, which would not be less violent than to make piety the precursor of wretchedness. If a simple fiat of God's authority might empty the bottomless pit, why not a similar fiat have obviated the necessity for the humiliation of the Divine Son in the redemption of mankind? and why not in the same way have prevented all the agonies and inconveniences ever incurred by sin?"*

Still more difficult is it to conceive that anything in the circumstances or surroundings of a fallen spirit can effect its restoration. Suffering and misery are the result of sin, and while the sin continues the suffering must endure. If sin were to cease the moment the soul entered the spirit world, the idea of exhausting sin's penalty might not appear so hopeless; but if sin perpetuates itself in this life, despite all remedial influences, much more will it do so when all those influences are withdrawn; and thus unending sin carries with it unending suffering as its inevitable corollary. The impenitent sinner goes into "outer darkness," to the "worm" that "dieth not," and to the "fire" that "shall not be quenched;" and even supposing these to be but figures of speech, they are not suggestive of anything that could produce in the sufferers "repentance unto salvation," or create one solitary aspiration after a better life. It may be accepted as an axiom that a thing cannot communicate what it does not possess; and in the surroundings of a lost soul there is nothing that can purify the conscience, or deliver from the guilt of sin.

Nor yet—taking the New Testament for our guide—are we permitted to suppose that a lost soul can, in the other world, be

**For Ever*, p. 315.

restored through the mediation of Jesus Christ. The inestimable value of that mediation here and now is pressed upon our attention in a thousand ways ; but no hint is given that it will avail anything in the world to come. The very urgency of the Gospel message indicates that this life is the crisis-hour of human existence, into the brief compass of which are crowded opportunities that can never return again. If this were not so,—if beyond this life there were even remote possibilities of salvation,—the intensely earnest invitations, warnings and entreaties of the gospel would sound like solemn mockeries. When the one talent was taken from the unprofitable servant, it was never restored ; when the hopeless debtor who owed “ten thousand talents” (more than \$8,000,000), “was delivered to the tormentors,” it was a sentence of perpetual imprisonment ; when the foolish virgins came with the despairing cry, “Lord, Lord, open to us !” the door stubbornly refused to open, while from within came the death-knell of departing hope—“Verily I say unto you, I know you not.”

IV. IT SHALL BE PUNISHMENT.

The Scriptures teach “that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and of the unjust,” (Acts xxiv. 15) ; that following the resurrection there shall be a general judgment, when “every one” shall “receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.” This teaching commends itself to every enlightened conscience. That goodness should be rewarded and wickedness punished, is a proposition that has the force of an axiom. It harmonizes with the eternal *oughtness* of things. In every man good or evil predominates ; but as all men are free agents, good or evil must be voluntary. Voluntary goodness deserves reward ; voluntary badness deserves punishment. Hence the argument which gives goodness a reward beyond the grave, gives wickedness punishment beyond the grave. There is a future state of reward for the righteous : *therefore*, there is a future state of punishment for the wicked.

1. *The punishment shall be exceedingly terrible.*—I do not infer this, as it is often said the Churches do, from the dramatic pictures of Pollock or Milton ; I infer it from the clear and solemn

statements of the Word of God. And I would remind the thoughtful reader that the most terrible utterances in the New Testament concerning the punishment of the lost, came from the lips of Him whose pitying tenderness brought Him from heaven to earth to die for the sins of mankind. Such words from His lips are not mere rhetorical flourishes, but sober statements of solemn realities. It is sometimes said that Christ's words are figurative, and should not be interpreted literally. That may be true in many instances, but a figure implies a reality behind it, and in this case a reality far more dreadful than the figure by which it is set forth. It is idle to speculate as to whether the punishment shall be corporeal, or whether the instruments of that punishment shall be material substances: enough to know that something unspeakably dreadful must be intended when it can be best represented by the gnawing of a worm that never dies, and the burning of a fire that shall not be quenched.

2. *The punishment shall be forever.*—This is the aspect of the doctrine most frequently sought to be controverted. It seems to some a terrible thing that for the sins of the present life men should suffer through all the ages of the undying future. This, however, is hardly a fair statement of the question. It must be remembered that the sufferings of the lost are a *result* as well as a *penalty*, and that these sufferings largely grow out of the character which the sinner forms in this life. This is in perfect accord with the principle—"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap;" he shall reap *that*—not something else instead of that. There is a terrible inexorable-ness in what are called the "laws of nature," which is but another name for the laws of God. Those laws are beneficent, and work for beneficent ends; but when resisted, disobeyed, defied, they show no mercy, but remorselessly punish whatsoever or whosoever stands in the way. If a man puts himself in deliberate antagonism to God and His laws, he must suffer the consequences, and if in this life he forms a character which puts him in eternal antagonism, he must suffer eternal consequences.

The words of Christ on this awful theme are distinct and unequivocal: "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." Some have tried, by reckless

verbal criticism, to neutralize the force of the declaration, and assert that the words translated "eternal" and "everlasting" do not signify duration without end. I assert, on the contrary, that these words, in the Scriptures, *always* have that meaning, unless limited by other words, or by the circumstances of the case. "The Hebrew word is OLAM, the Greek, AIONION, (Matt. xxv. 46), and these are the words used to express the eternity of God, and the duration of the blessedness of the righteous. If, therefore, the punishment of the wicked is not eternal, then God is not eternal, and the reward of the righteous is not eternal." Furthermore, if these words do not mean duration without end, I know of no word in either language which does.

By others the doctrine is opposed by arguments drawn, or supposed to be drawn, from the nature and attributes of God. It is said "God is love," and it is incredible that He will consign millions of beings to endless torment for the sins of the present life; that such punishment would imply vindictiveness, which is utterly foreign to His nature. Let us look at this a little more closely. A man is tried for a capital offence; he is convicted, condemned and executed. You are greatly shocked. You go to the executioner and say, "Why were you so vindictive against this man?" "Vindictive!" he answers; "on the contrary, I pitied him from my heart, and would gladly have avoided the terrible task of being his executioner; but the judge had sentenced him to die by my hand, and I only carried out that sentence." You go to the judge, and say, "How could you be so cruel as to sentence that man to a violent death? I had supposed that such vindictiveness would be utterly foreign to your nature." But the judge replies, "My friend, you are utterly mistaken in supposing that I was moved by vindictiveness. I but discharged a most painful duty—a duty that wrung my heart with pain and filled my eyes with tears. But the jury had found him guilty of a capital offence, and I had no choice." You next go to the jury; but they tell you they were under solemn oath to render a verdict according to the evidence, and the evidence in this case was direct and clear as to the prisoner's guilt. You question the witnesses, and they say they were sworn to tell the "truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and as they had personal knowledge of

the man's guilt, they had no choice but to testify accordingly. You question the officer who made the arrest, but he tells you a warrant for the prisoner's apprehension was placed in his hands by the magistrate before whom information had been laid, and he was compelled to execute the commission. You go to the magistrate, but there is no vindictiveness there; he has but obeyed the law in ordering the arrest of the prisoner. One step farther backward, and you question the law-makers, "How could you be so vindictive as to pass so terrible a law?" But with one voice they answer, "We were not vindictive; we only discharged a public duty; we only voiced a great public sentiment that, for the protection of human life, murder should be made punishable with death." Here, then, you have gone back, step by step, from the executioner to the judge, from the judge to the jury, from the jury to the witnesses, from the witnesses to the officer, from the officer to the magistrate, from the magistrate to the law-makers, from the law-makers to public opinion, but you find no vindictiveness anywhere. Who, then, is to blame because this man has been put to death? NO ONE BUT HIMSELF! And yet, so far as society is able, it has inflicted on this man *eternal punishment*.

Yes, the punishment shall be eternal. But what is ETERNITY? "Its significance is as high and wide and deep" and grand as God is." He alone fills it, and He alone comprehends it. Time can be measured, not so Eternity. Let imagination attempt its loftiest and most daring flight through the dim and shadowy past; let it pass swiftly up the line of the centuries, past the rise of nations, past the birth of man, past the dawn of time; backward still till suns and systems shrink and fade, till angels disappear, till it reaches the awful solitude where nothing is save God, and yet it will be no nearer Eternity's beginning than when first its flight began. Then let it turn on mighty pinions, and dart swifter than the lightning, swift as thought, into the awful gulf of Eternity to come; onward while nations rise and droop and die; onward while dynasties change and pass; onward while time grows hoary with the lapse of centuries; onward still, past the solemnities of death and the terrors of judgment, and into that awful solitude beyond where time is not; onward through cycles that no arithmetic can compute, till reason reels and staggers in her effort to grasp the thought,—and still, when myriads of ages, as men count time,

have passed, it will be no nearer Eternity's dread close than when first its adventurous pinion dared the infinite abyss. "What shall the end be?" Great God! there is no end!—there is no end!

3. *The punishment shall be banishment from God.*—Scripture testimony is very plain on this matter, and very solemn. We are distinctly told that a day is coming, "when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, with His mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and the glory of His power," (2 Thess. i. 8, 9). The term "everlasting destruction," as it occurs in these verses, has been pressed into service to teach the annihilation of the wicked; but that this is not its meaning is plain from the words of Christ elsewhere, (Matt. xxv. 46), where an entirely different word is used, which does not mean destruction, in this sense, at all. This idea of banishment from God is one of the most awful in connection with the punishment of the lost. They are to be "cast into outer darkness," and this must be beyond the circle of order and light. Where this is we can but dimly guess; for beyond the limits of law and order we can scarcely conceive of either "place" or "time." To human investigation God's universe appears well-nigh limitless. Unaided vision touches only the hither side of the starry universe; but by telescopic power we pierce to depths so inconceivably vast that even the flashing light, travelling 12,000,000 of miles in every minute of time, could not cross the interval in less than a thousand years. Throughout all these regions of inconceivable magnitude, law and order reign. "God, and the glory of His power" are there.

But imagination, overleaping these almost illimitable barriers, finds herself in a region still beyond,—a region of darkness, and of the shadow of death. And—who can tell?—perhaps in this "outer darkness," on some wandering star that has broken away from its orbit,—that has dashed over the frontiers of a law-abiding creation, the finally impenitent may find their everlasting abode. And as that world has broken away from all law and order, so it has fled beyond light, and goes wandering in darkness that may be felt, sinking evermore in fathomless voids of space, where only chaos reigns; rolling beyond the confines of life, with no sun or star to light its horrid gloom, or

chase away its foul and fœtid vapours ; its only light, if light it may 'be called, the murky flames that hiss out from a thousand fissures ; a world that shudders in the throes of perpetual earthquakes ; where in all the range of its vast circumference there is no trace of life or beauty ; no budding plant or blooming flower ; no purling brook or flowing river ; no virgin beauty of morning, or golden splendour of evening, or mystic pomp of starry night ; a world stripped of the last remnant of its primeval loveliness, abhorred of angels and accursed of God !

“ Splintered and blasted, and thunder-smitten,
Not a smile above nor a hope below ;
Withered, and scorched, and hunger-bitten,
No earthly lightning has seamed its brow ;
On each stone the avenger's pen hath written
Horror, and ruin, and death, and woe ! ”

Behold “ the end of them that obey not the gospel.” The Judge “ shall send forth His angels, and they shall sever the wicked from among the just ; ” “ they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that offend, and them that do iniquity ; ” they shall “ bind them hand and foot ” and carry them to the utmost verge, and there, as on the battlements of a living, law-abiding universe, the multitude of terror-stricken men and women, who obeyed not the gospel of God, for a short space shall stand. One last backward look at the light and beauty they shall never more behold ; one last agonizing thought of friends and home from which they are exiled forever ; one last despairing effort to shut their eyes against the unutterable horrors of the “ outer darkness ” that awaits them ; and then flung by archangel power beyond the outer verge, they sink through awful voids till they reach the place accursed where henceforth they must dwell. And then that world, freighted with its unutterable burden of misery and sin, speeds away, away, into the darkness of unfathomable space : lost in a darkness from which there is no return ! *lost* where no ray of hope can ever come ! *LOST* where they shall not even know in what direction heaven lies ! *LOST* where mightiest angel, sweeping on fearless wing beyond the limits of God's creation, shall never find so much as its bones !

But is this the *end* ? Alas, no ! this is only the beginning of the end ! What the end shall be only God can tell.

THE FOUR GOSPELS.*

BY F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.,

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II.—THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MARK.

THE old notion of the Gospel of St. Mark which satisfied many of the Fathers and Schoolmen, and still satisfies most readers—is the mistaken and superficial view that the Evangelist was nothing but a follower and epitomist of St. Matthew. It is a view which does not look an inch deeper than the most obvious phenomena. No doubt the Gospel of St. Mark does present the same outline as the preceding Gospel. This resemblance in arrangement is due of course mainly to the actual order of facts. The closeness of the general symmetry does not arise from any abbreviation of St. Matthew by St. Mark, but from the actual order of events and the use made by both Evangelists of existing oral or written records of Apostolic preaching. Nor must we forget that the Evangelists were personally known to each other. Mark must have met Matthew in his mother's house, which was the common rendezvous of the early Christians in Jerusalem, and he must have been with Luke in Rome. To a large extent therefore at different periods of their career they lived in the same circle of ideas and beliefs, and must have frequently conversed with each other. Yet each is quite independent. St. Mark is in no sense a copyist. He claims the rank of an independent witness. It is extremely doubtful whether he had so much as seen the earlier Gospel of the Publican Apostle.

Of St. Mark himself all that is known is the tradition which identifies him with John Mark, the son of that Mary whose house in Jerusalem was a meeting place of the early Church. Hence the home of the Evangelist was perhaps the scene both of the Last Supper and of the descent of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost. He was the companion of Paul and Barnabas in their first journey. Becoming the unwilling cause of the sharp dispute between them, he went with Barnabas to Cyprus.

* Abridged from Canon Farrar's latest work, *The Messages of the Books*. New York : E. P. Dutton & Co. Toronto : Wm. Briggs. Price \$4.

Afterwards we find him in the closest and dearest intimacy with St. Peter in Rome, and completely forgiven and trusted by St. Paul also during his Roman imprisonment. The great Apostle of the Gentiles mentions him in one Epistle with a kindly message, and in another specially wishes for his presence, because he was "profitable to him for ministering." Tradition says that he went to Alexandria, founded the famous Catechetical school in that city, and there died a martyr's death.

The date of his Gospel was certainly before the fall of Jerusalem. It was probably published within a few years of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke. And yet, as a distinct whole, St. Mark's Gospel entirely differs from the others. Though it contains but a handful of verses which have no parallel in St. Matthew and St. Luke, it was written with a different object, it is stamped with a different individuality.

For instance, it is obvious that St. Mark wrote for a code of different readers. St. Matthew wrote for Hebrews, St. Luke for Greeks, St. Mark wrote for Romans, probably in Rome. He has ten Latin words, such as *legio*, *centurio*, *quadrans*, *flagellare*, *census*, *sextarius*, *speculator*, *prætorium*, some of which are peculiar to himself. He uses several distinctly Latin idioms. He has fewer references to the Old Testament than the other Evangelists, and only one which is peculiar to himself. He always adds a note of explanation to Jewish words and Jewish usages. Even the style seems to catch something of the energetic brevity, something of the haughty expression of the Romans for whose instruction his Gospel was designed.

Then again, in addressing different readers, he wrote for a different purpose. St. Matthew desired to link the Present to the Past; to point to the fulfilment of Old Testament prophecies; to prove that Jesus was the Messiah of the Jew, the Son of David, the Son of Abraham.

St. Luke wrote to connect Christianity with the advancing future; to associate the work of Jesus with Humanity; to set Him forth as the Son of Adam, the Saviour of the World.

St. John wrote to connect Christ with the Eternal; to serve the deepest needs of the soul; to satisfy the most yearning aspirations of the spirit.

The object of St. Mark, in this concise, vigorous, vivid Gospel was more limited, though not less necessary. It was to manifest

Jesus as He had been in the present, in daily actual life ; Jesus living and working among men, in the fulness of His energy ; Jesus in the awe-inspiring grandeur of His human personality as a Man who was also the Incarnate, the wonder-working Son of God.

We cannot fail to observe how admirably this Gospel of St. Mark accords with the aim which he had in view.

First of all, it is characterised by an almost impetuous activity. In St. Matthew the element of discourse is most prominent ; in St. Mark that of action. St. Matthew's is the didactic, St. Mark's the energetic Gospel. Nothing can be more characteristic of the fact than the words "immediately," "anon," "forthwith," "by and by," "straightway" "as soon as," "shortly," which seven words in our version represent the one Greek word *εὐθὺς* "immediately," a word so characteristic of the original that it occurs no less than forty-one times in these few pages, though only eight times in the much longer Gospel of St. Luke. St. Mark has no long discourses, no developed parables. He does not wear the flowing robes of St. Matthew : his dress is "for speed succinct." Swift and incisive, his narrative proceeds straight to the goal like a Roman soldier on his march to battle. In reading St. Mark, carried away by his breathless narrative, we feel like the Apostles who—as he alone twice tells us—among the press of people coming and going, "had no leisure so much as to eat." Event after event comes upon us in his pages with the impetuous sequence of the waves in a rising tide.

Again his Gospel is marked by special vividness. It is full of charm and colour. It is brightened by touches inimitably graphic : the Evangelist is a word-painter. We have repeated details of person, of number, of time, of place, which often throw on the narrative a flood of light. The spies are "scribes from Jerusalem" ; the questioners are "Peter and Andrew and James and John" ; Simon of Cyrene is "the father of Alexander and Rufus," whom the Roman Christians know. The swine "are in number about two thousand" ; the cock crows "twice." The time is "a great while before day" ; or "the third hour" ; or "eventide." The scene is "over against the treasury" or "on the seashore" ; or on the slopes of Olivet, or in the courtyard, or in the porch. The interlocutors speak and answer in

the first person. The very looks and accents and gestures of Jesus are recalled alike in His publicity and in His solitude. They are painted as it were from the photograph of them on St. Peter's memory. Jesus "looks round" on the worshippers. He "takes the little children in His arms," and (how mothers will thank St. Mark for that detail!) "lays His hand on them and blesses them." He "sits down" and calls the twelve. His very accents are recorded in their original Aramaic—"Boanerges," "Ephphatha," "Talitha Cumi," "Abba," "Corban."

Take by way of example the description of the storm upon the lake. In St. Mark alone do we see the waves breaking over and half swamping the little ship. In St. Mark alone do we see Jesus in His utter weariness sleeping on the leather cushion of the steersman at the stern. Take another scene, the Feeding of the Five Thousand. St. Mark alone tells us of the fresh green grass on which they sat down by hundreds and by fifties; and, the word which he uses for "companies" means literally "flowerbeds," as though those multitudes, in their festal Passover attire, with its many-coloured Oriental brightness of red and blue, looked like the patches of crocus and poppy and tulip and amaryllis which he had seen upon the mountain slopes. Again, in the narrative of the Transfiguration it is in St. Mark that we see most clearly the dazzling robes of the Transfigured Lord as they shed their golden lustre over Hermon's snow; and it is St. Mark who shows us most vividly the contrast of that scene of peace and radiance with the tumult and agitation of the crowd below;—the father's heartrending anguish at the foaming and convulsion of the agonized demoniac boy, the trouble of the disciples, and the noble passion of the Lord. As you gaze on Raffaele's immortal picture of the Transfiguration, you will see at once that it is from the narrative of St. Mark that it derives most of its intensity, its movement, its colouring, its contrast, and its power.

Both the characteristics on which we have dwelt are important, as they tell irresistibly against all theories of the mystic origin of the Gospels. But once again—what is still more important—St. Mark's Gospel is memorable for its special presentation of the life of Christ. It is not Messianic like St. Matthew's; it is not tenderly and universally Humanitarian like St. Luke's; it is not mystic and spiritual like St. John's;

but it is essentially realistic. Apart from all theories of the future, apart from all prophecies in the past, apart from all deep subjective impressions, he represents Jesus as He lived in Galilee, at once divine and human. If St. Matthew wrote specially for the Jew, St. Luke for the Gentile Christian, and St. John for the theologian, St. Mark writes for the ordinary practical man. His Roman readers, in their blunt speech, and rough good sense, might have said to him, "We know nothing of your Old Testament: we have no philosophic or speculative genius; we are not ripe for your dogmas; but tell us what Jesus was, how He looked, what He did. Set Him before us as we should have seen Him had we been centurions in Syria, or soldiers beside the Cross. Before we can believe in the Son of God, we must know something of the Son of Man. He must be dis severed from Jewish peculiarities or religious formulæ. He must be 'universal as our race; he must be individual as ourselves.'"

Now St. Mark meets these very needs. He shows us a Man indeed; one who needs rest, and sleep, and food; one who can love, and sigh, and pity, and be moved with anger and indignation; but a Man heroic and mysterious, who inspires not only a passionate devotion, but also amazement and adoration; one the very hem of whose garment heals the sick; one on whom the multitudes throng and press in their eagerness to touch Him; one whom the unclean spirits no sooner see than they fall flat with the wild cry, "Thou art the Son of God." Here, for instance, is a single touch of description from Christ's last approach to Jerusalem, found in St. Mark alone—"And they were on the way going up to Jerusalem; and Jesus went before, and they were amazed, and they that followed were afraid." What a unique and marvellous picture! All hope was now gone. The doom was near. Alone, with bowed head, in deep and awful silence, like the leader of some fatal enterprise, Jesus walked in front. But even in that supreme hour of His desolation and rejection, when He was excommunicate, when a price was on His head, in the lowest deeps of the valley of His humiliation, on the path to His Cross of shame, He inspires not the patronage of compassion, but an awful reverence, a hushed and terrified amaze. No sorrow was like His sorrow; yet the pomp of empires fades, and the pride of power is dwarfed before this lonely anguish of the Man of Sorrows. Constantine

weaves the cross on his banners ; Rudolph of Hapsburg seizes on a crucifix as his sceptre. It seems as if kings could only bow before the heir to that crown of thorns, and that sceptre of bulrushes. The Lord, as in the old Septuagint version of the Psalm, "reigns from the tree." Nailed to the Cross amid the execrating multitude, He still seems to us to be

"High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormuz or of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

And now we shall, I think, see why, out of the fourfold cherubic chariot, the Lion was chosen as the symbol of St. Mark. For the characteristics of a lion are the majesty of its pose, the sternness of its eye, the swiftness and power of its leap. And can we not see what an impression as of leonine majesty this Gospel, more than the others, must have made on the stern and practical Romans ? So long as they were ignorant of Christianity the general attitude of Romans towards it was that of the haughtiest disdain. The great Roman writers of that epoch called it a "new," a "malefic," an "execrable" superstition. Tacitus vouchsafes only two lines to it, to say that its Author had been crucified under Pontius Pilate, and that, with everything else which could cause a blush, it had flowed into Rome as into the common sewer of Eastern superstition. Those proud and imperial aristocrats, obstinately clinging to a prejudice which disdained inquiry, could not conceive anything more abject than the worship of one who had died a slave's death of torture. Already St. Paul had said "I am not ashamed"—not even in Rome ashamed—"of the Gospel of Christ." But St. Mark set himself to remove these scornful impressions, to counteract this ignorant contempt. Instead of the mere "Galilean rebel," the mere "crucified malefactor" of Roman scorn, he drew a picture of one whose simple manhood was infinitely more divine than that of their deified Cæsars. The Romans—slaves amid their boast of freedom—trembled when a Nero showed in the streets the pale and bloated features which were the infamous wreck of his early beauty. They spoke in terrified whispers when the red face of Domitian—red as though it were flushed with blood—glared over the amphitheatre. But it was not the men—degraded, abject, cowardly, corrupt—not

the men who inspired their awe, but the despotism built on their own degradation. It was not the wretch Nero nor the tyrant Domitian whom they dreaded: it was the imperial purple, the glitter of the lictor's naked axe, the drawn swords of Prætorian guards, the background of thirty legions, the awful *entourage* of spies and informers, whose whispers cut men's throats.

But St. Mark shows them a Man who, though He lived in the midst of poverty and insult, a persecuted Nazarene; though all His state was in Himself only; though His face was marred more than any man: though He gave His back to the smiters, and His cheeks to them that plucked off the hair—was more transcendently and intrinsically awful than any man of whom they had ever dreamed. More even than the power of His miraculous beneficence, the majesty of His innocence and holiness enthralled the heart. And so, on the page of St. Mark, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," with the step not of a peasant but of an Emperor, not of a malefactor but of a God. There was not a good man—there was not even an honest slave—in Rome, who did not in his heart loathe and despise the wicked human gods of Cæsarian infamy. No absolute autocracy, no oppressive magnificence could for a moment lift out of their vileness a brutal buffoon like Caligula, or a base-hearted aesthete like Nero. But St. Mark showed to Romans a Man who was a Man indeed: crowned by His very manhood with glory and power: Jesus of Nazareth, but the Son of God: a Man, but a Man Divine and sinless, among sinful and suffering men. Him, the God-man, no humiliation could degrade, no death defeat. Not even on the Cross could He seem less than the King, the Hero, the only Son. And as he gazed on such a picture how could any Roman refrain from exclaiming with the awe-struck Centurion, "Truly this was the Son of God!"

Many other points are noticeable in this Gospel—how, for instance, in one word, "Is not this *the Carpenter?*?" it throws the only flash which falls on the continuous tenor of the first thirty years—from infancy to manhood—of the Life of Christ: how in one phrase "This He said . . . making all meats clean," St. Mark alone of the Evangelists, sets forth with absolute clearness Christ's abrogation and abolition of the Levitic law; how in two sentences he alone brings out the slow, and as

it were tentative methods of Christ's later miracles, when the faith in Him was almost dead ; how he alone of the Evangelists tells us of no less than eleven occasions amid His work on which Christ retired, either to escape from His enemies, or in solitude—that best “audience-chamber of God”—to refresh with prayer His wearied soul. But perhaps one last comparison may help to illustrate the specialties of this Gospel. I compared the Gospel of St. Matthew to the fugue and Passion-music of some mighty master. I should apply no such comparison to the Gospel of St. Mark. I should compare it far rather to one of those pictures, at once so lovely and so awe-inspiring, of one of the early Italian painters—an Angelico da Fiesole, or a Giovanni Bellini—where, in colouring fresh as the flowers of spring, or deep, clear, and transparent as crystal, the Magi from the East present their offerings to the infant King ; or where He hangs on the Cross of shame—and though we see on the canvas the ornaments on every robe, the gleam on every jewel, the colours of every flower, yet the admiration for each separate detail, and almost the sense that they are painted there, is lost in the wonder, in the reverence, in the adoration, in the love, inspired by the intense beauty and unutterable majesty of Him in whom all the motive of the picture is centred, and in whom all its glories blend. So it is with St. Mark's Gospel. Amid the thousand details we see but the one Redeemer. Amid the hurrying procession our eyes rest but on a single figure. Amid the multitudinous accents our attention is absorbed by a single voice. And, as we close the last page of the Gospel, the words which spring involuntarily to our lips are these—

“ Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;

“ Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
Thou madest Life in man and brute ;
Thou madest Death ; and lo, Thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

“ Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood Thou ;
Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours to make them Thine ! ”

JAN VEDDER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER III.—JAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

THE gravitation of character is naturally toward its weakest point. Margaret's weakest point was an intense, though unconscious, selfishness. Jan's restless craving for change and excitement made him dissatisfied with the daily routine of life, lazy, and often unreasonable. His very blessings became offences to him. His clean, well-ordered house, made him fly to the noisy freedom of Ragon Torr's kitchen.

Suneva Torr had married Paul Glumm, and Jan often watched her as he sat drinking his ale in Torr's kitchen. At home, it is true, she tormented Glumm with her contrary, provoking moods: but then, again, she met him with smiles and endearments that atoned for everything. Jan thought it would be a great relief if Margaret were only angry sometimes. For he wearied of her constant serenity, as people weary of sunshine without cloud or shadow.

And Margaret suffered. No one could doubt that who watched her face from day to day. She made no complaint, not even to her mother. Thora, however, perceived it all. She had foreseen and foretold the trouble, but she was too noble a woman to point out the fulfilment of her prophecy. As she went about her daily work, she considered, and not unkindly, the best means for bringing Jan back to his wife and home, and his first pride in them.

She believed that the sea only could do it. After all, her heart was with the men who loved it. She felt that Jan was as much out of place counting eggs, as a red stag would be if harnessed to a plough. She, at least, understood the rebellious, unhappy look on his handsome face. When the ling fishing was near at hand, she said to Peter: "There is one thing that is thy duty, and that is to give Jan the charge of a boat. He is for the sea, and it is not well that so good a sailor should go out of the family."

"I have no mind to do that. Jan will do well one day, and

he will do as ill as can be the next. I will not trust a boat with him."

"It seems to me that where thou couldst trust Margaret, thou mightst well trust nineteen feet of keel, and fifty fathom of long lines."

Peter answered her not, and Thora kept silence also. But at the end, when he had smoked his pipe, and was lifting the Bible for the evening exercise, he said: "Thou shalt have thy way, wife; Jan shall have a boat, but thou wilt see evil will come of it."

"Thou wert always good, Peter, and in this thing I am thinking of more than fish. There is sorrow in Margaret's house. A mother can feel that."

"Now, then, meddle thou not in the matter. Every man loves in his own way. Whatever there is between Jan and Margaret is a thing by itself. But I will speak about the boat in the morning."

Peter kept his word, and kept it without smallness or grudging. He still liked Jan. If there were trouble between him and Margaret he regarded it as the natural initiation to married life. So he called Jan pleasantly and said, "I have saved for thee *The Fair Margaret*. Wilt thou sail her this season Jan? She is the best boat I have, as thou well knows. Fourteen hundred hooks she is to carry, and thou canst hire six men to go with thee."

It made Peter's eyes feel misty to see the instantaneous change in Jan's face. He could not speak his thanks, but he looked them: and Peter felt troubled, and said, almost querulously, "There, that will do, son Jan: go now, and hire the men thou wants."

"First of all, I should like Snorro."

Peter hesitated, but he would not tithe his kindness, and he frankly answered, "Well, then, thou shalt have Snorro—though it will go hard with me, wanting him."

"But we will make it go well with thee on the sea, father."

"As for that, it will be as God pleases. A man's duty is all my claim on thee. Margaret will be glad to see thee so happy." He dropped his eyes as he spoke of Margaret. He would not seem to watch Jan, although he was conscious of doing so.

"A woman has many minds, father. Who knows if a thing will make her happy or angry?"

"That is a foolish saying, Jan. A wife must find her pleasure in the thing that pleases her husband. But now thou wilt have but little time: the boat is to be tried, and the hooks and lines are to go over, and the crew to hire. I have left all to thee."

This pleased Jan most of all. Only a bird building its first nest could have been as happy as he was. When at night he opened the door of his house, and went in with a gay smile, it was like a resurrection. The pale rose-colour on Margaret's cheek grew vivid and deep when he took her in his arms, and kissed her in the old happy way. She smiled involuntarily, and Jan thought, "How beautiful she is!" He told her all Peter had said and done. He was full of gratitude and enthusiasm. He did not notice for a few moments that Margaret was silent, and chillingly unresponsive. He was amazed to find that the whole affair displeased her.

"So, then, I have married a common fisherman after all," she said bitterly: "why, Suneva Torr's husband has a bigger boat than thine."

It was an unfortunate remark, and touched Jan on a very raw place. He could not refrain from answering, "He hath better luck than I. Ragon Torr gave Glumm Suneva's tocher, and he has bought his own boat with it."

"Why not? Every one knows that Glumm is a prudent man. He never gets on his feet for nothing."

Jan was inexpressibly pained and disappointed. For a moment a feeling of utter despair came over him. The boat lay upon his heart like a wreck. He drank his tea gloomily, and the delicately-browned fish, the young mutton, and the hot wheat cakes, all tasted like ashes in his mouth. Perhaps, then, Margaret's heart smote her, for she began to talk, and to press upon Jan's acceptance the viands which had somehow lost all their savour to him. Her conversation was in like case. She would not speak of the boat, since they could not agree about it; and no other subject interested Jan.

But, after all, the week of preparation was a very happy week to Jan and Snorro; and on the 16th of May they were the foremost of the sixty boats that sailed out of Lerwick for the

ling ground. There was a great crowd on the pier to see them off—mothers, and wives, and sweethearts; boys, sick and sad with longing and envy: and old men with the glamour of their own past in their faces. Among them was Suneva, in a bright blue dress, with blue ribbons fluttering in her yellow hair. She stood at the pier-head and as they passed poured a cup of ale into the sea, to forespeak good luck for the fleet. Jan would have dearly liked to see his wife's handsome face watching him, as he stood by the main-mast and lifted his cap to Peter. Margaret was not there.

She really felt very much humiliated in Jan's position. She had always held herself a little apart from the Lerwick women. She had been to Edinburgh, she had been educated far above them, and she was quite aware that she would have a very large fortune. Her hope had been to see Jan take his place among the merchants and bailies of Lerwick. She had dreams of the fine mansion that they would build, and of the fine furniture which would come from Edinburgh for it. Margaret was one of those women to whom a house can become a kingdom, and its careful ordering an affair of more importance than the administration of a great nation. When she chose Jan, and raised him from his humble position, she had no idea that he would drift back again to his fishing-nets.

For the first time she carried her complaint home. But Thora in this matter had not much sympathy with her. "The sea is his mother," she said: "he loved her before he loved thee; when she calls him, he will always go back to her."

"No man in Shetland hath a better business to his hand; and how can he like to live in a boat, he, that hath a home so quiet, and clean, and comfortable?"

Thora sighed. "Thou wilt not understand, then, that what the cradle rocks the spade buries. The sea spoke to Jan before he lay on his mother's breast. His father hath a grave in it. Neither gold nor the love of woman will ever keep them far apart; make up thy mind to that."

All this might be true, but it humiliated Margaret. Besides, she imagined that every wife in Lerwick was saying, "Not much hold has Margaret Vedder on her husband. He is off to sea again, and that with the first boat that sails." Yet if success could have reconciled her, Jan's was wonderful. Not

unfrequently *The Fair Margaret* took twenty score ling at a haul, and every one was talking of her good luck.

During these days Jan and Snorro drew very close to each other. When the baits were set most of the men went to sleep for three hours ; but Snorro always watched, and very often Jan sat with him. And oh, the grand solemnity and serenity of those summer nights, when through belts of calm the boats drifted and the islands in a charmed circle filled the pale purple horizon before them. Most fair then was the treeless land, and very far off seemed the sin and sorrow of life. The men lay upon the deck, with a pile of nets on their folded arms for a pillow, and surely under such a sky, like Jacob of old, they dreamed of angels.

Snorro and Jan sitting in the soft, mystical light, talked together, dropping their voices involuntarily, and speaking slowly, with thoughtful pauses between the sentences. When they were not talking, Snorro read, and the book was ever the same, the book of the Four Gospels. Jan often watched him when he thought Jan asleep. In that enchanted midnight glow, which was often a blending of four lights—moonlight and twilight, the aurora and the dawning—the gigantic figure and white face, bending over the little book, had a weird and almost supernatural interest. Then this man, poor, ugly and despised, had an incomparable nobility, and he fascinated Jan.

One night he said to him, “Art thou never weary of reading that same book, Snorro?”

“Am I then ever weary of thee, my Jan? And these are the words of One who was the first who loved me. Accordingly how well I know His voice.” Then in a fervour of adoring affection, he talked to Jan of his dear Lord Christ, “who had stretched out His arms upon the cross that He might embrace the world.” And as he talked the men, one by one, raised themselves on their elbows and listened ; and the theme transfigured Snorro, and he stood erect with uplifted face, and looked, in spite of his fisher’s suit, so royal that Jan felt humbled in his presence. And when he had told, in his own simple, grand way, the story of Him who had often toiled at midnight with the fishers on the Galilean sea, as they toiled upon the Shetland waters, there was a great silence, until Jan said, in a voice that seemed almost strange to them : “Well, then, mates, now we will look to the lines.”

All summer, and until the middle of October, Jan continued at sea : and all summer, whether fishing for ling, cod, or herring, *The Fair Margaret* had exceptionally good fortune. There were many other fishers who woke, and watched, and toiled in their fishing, who did not have half her "takes." "It is all Jan's luck," said Glumm, "for it is well known that he flings his nets and goes to sleep while they fill."

"Well, then, 'it is the net of the sleeping fisherman takes : ' that is the wise saying of old times."

Still, in spite of his success, Jan was not happy. A married man's happiness is in the hands of his wife, and Margaret felt too injured to be generous. She was not happy, and she thought it only just that Jan should be made to feel it. He had disappointed all her hopes and aspirations ; she was not magnanimous enough to rejoice in the success of his labours and aims. Another aggravating circumstance was that her old schoolmate, the minister's niece (a girl who had not a penny-piece to her fortune) was going to marry a rich merchant from Kirkwall. How she would exult over "Margaret Vedder who had married a common fisherman."

But, happy or miserable, time goes on, and about the middle of October even the herring fishing is over. Peter was beginning to count up his expenses and his gains. Jan and Snorro were saying to one another, "In two days we must go back to the store." That is, they were trying to say it, but the air was so full of shrieks that no human voice could be heard. For all around the boat the sea was boiling with herring fry, and over them hung tens of thousands of gulls and terns.

Suddenly Snorro leaped to his feet. "I see a storm, Jan. Lower and lash down the mast. We shall have bare time."

Jan saw that the birds had risen and were making for the rocks. In a few minutes down came the wind from the north-east, and a streak of white rain flying across the black sea was on top of *The Fair Margaret* before the mast was well secured. As for the nets, Snorro was cutting them loose, and in a few moments the boat was tearing down before the wind. It was a wild squall ; some of the fishing fleet went to the bottom with all their crews. *The Fair Margaret*, at much risk of loss, saved Glumm's crew, and then had all she could manage to raise her mizzen, and with small canvas edge away to windward for the entrance of Lerwick bay.

Jan was greatly distressed. "Hard to bear is this thing, Snorro," he said; "at the last to have such bad fortune."

"It is a better ending than might have been. Think only of that, Jan."

"But Peter will count his lost nets; there is nothing else he will think of."

"Between nets and men's lives, there is only one choice."

Peter said that also, but he was nevertheless very angry. The loss took possession of his mind, and excluded all memory of his gains.

"It was just like Jan and Snorro," he muttered, "to be troubling themselves with other boats. In a sudden storm, a boat's crew should mind only its own safety."

"What did I tell thee?" he said to Thora bitterly. "Jan does nothing well but he spoils it. Here, at the end of the season for a little gust of wind, he loses both nets and tackle."

"He did well when he saved life, Peter."

"Every man should mind his own affairs. Glumm would have done that thing first."

"Then Glumm would have been little of a man. And thou, Peter Fae, would have been the first to tell Glumm so. Thou art saying evil, and dost not mean it."

Peter was very sulky for some days, and when at last he was ready to settle with Jan, there was a decided quarrel. Jan believed himself to be unfairly dealt with, and bitter words were spoken on both sides. It was not altogether the loss of the nets—he did not know what it was—but the man he liked, and praised, and was proud of one week, he could hardly endure to see or speak to the next.

"That ends all between thee and me," said Peter, pushing a little pile of gold toward Jan. It was a third less than Jan expected. He gave it to Margaret, and bade her "use it carefully, as he might be able to make little more until the next fishing season."

"But thou wilt work in the store this winter?"

"That I will not. I will work for no man who cheats me of a third of my hire."

"It is of my father thou art speaking, Jan Vedder: remember that. And Peter Fae's daughter is thy wife, though little thou deservest her."

"It is like enough that I am unworthy of thee; but if I had chosen a wife less excellent than thou it had perhaps been better for me."

"And for me also."

That was the beginning of a sad end; for Jan, though right enough at first, soon put himself in the wrong, as a man who is idle, and has a grievance, is almost sure to do. He continually talked about it. On the contrary, Peter held his tongue, and in any quarrel the man who can be silent in the end has the popular sympathy. Then, in some way or other, Peter Fae touched nearly everybody in Lerwick. He gave them work, or he bought their produce. They owed him money, or they expected a favour from him. However much they sympathized with Jan, they could not afford to quarrel with Peter.

Only Michael Snorro was absolutely and purely true to him; but oh, what truth there was in Michael! Jan's wrongs were his wrongs; Jan's anger was but the reflection of his own.

He watched over him, he sympathized with him, he loved him entirely, with a love "wonderful, passing the love of woman."

CHAPTER IV.—THE DESOLATED HOME.

Jan now began to hang all day about Ragon Torr's, and to make friends with men as purposeless as himself. He drank more and more, and was the leader in all the dances and merry-makings with which Shetlanders beguile their long winter. He was very soon in Torr's debt, and this circumstance carried him the next step forward on an evil road.

One night Torr introduced him to Hol Skager, a Dutch skipper, whose real cargo was a contraband one of tea, brandy, tobacco and French goods. Jan was in the very mood to join him, and Skager was glad enough of Jan. Very soon he began to be away from home for three and four weeks at a time. Peter and Margaret knew well the objects of these absences, but they would have made themselves very unpopular had they spoken of them. Smuggling was a thing every one had a hand in; rich and poor alike had their venture, and a wise ignorance,

and deaf and dumb ignoring of the fact, was a social tenet universally observed. If Jan came home and brought his wife a piece of rich silk or lace, or a gold trinket, she took it without any unpleasant curiosity. If Peter were offered a cask of French brandy at a nominal price, he never asked any embarrassing questions. Conscience tender enough toward the claims of God, evaded without a scruple the rendering of Cæsar's dues.

So when Jan disappeared for a few weeks, and then returned with money in his pocket, and presents for his friends, he was welcomed without question. And he liked the life; liked it so well that when the next fishing season came round he refused every offer made him. He gained more with Hol Skager, and the excitement of eluding the coast guard or of giving them a good chase, suited Jan exactly. The spirit of his forefathers ruled him absolutely, and he would have fought for his cargo or gone down with the ship.

Snorro was very proud of him. The morality of Jan's employment he never questioned, and Jan's happy face and fine clothing gave him the greatest pleasure. He was glad that he had escaped Peter's control; and when Jan, now and then, went to the store after it was shut, and sat an hour with him, no man in Shetland was as proud and happy as Michael Snorro. Very often Jan brought him a book, and on one occasion it was the wondrous old "*Pilgrim's Progress*," full of woodcuts. That book was a lifelong joy to Snorro, and he gave to Jan all the thanks and the credit of it. "Jan brought him everything pleasant he had. He was so handsome, and so clever, and so good, and yet he loved him—the poor, ignorant Snorro!" So Snorro reasoned, and accordingly he loved his friend with all his soul.

At Jan's house many changes were taking place. In the main, Margaret had her house very much to herself. No one soiled its exquisite cleanliness. The expense of keeping it was small. She was saving money on every hand. When Jan came home with a rich present in his hand, it was easy to love so handsome and generous a man, and if Jan permitted her to love him in her own way, she was very glad to do so.

For a year and a half Jan remained with Hol Skager, but during this time his whole nature deteriorated. Among the Shetland fishermen mutual forbearance and mutual reliance was the rule. In position the men were nearly equal, and there

was no opportunity for an overbearing spirit to exercise itself. But it was very different with Skager's men. They were of various nationalities, and of reckless and unruly tempers. The strictest discipline was necessary, and Jan easily learned to be tyrannical and unjust, to use passionate and profane language, to drink deep, and to forget the Sabbath, a day which had been so sacred to him.

In his own home the change was equally apparent. Margaret began to tremble before the passions she evoked: and Jan to mock at the niceties that had hitherto snubbed and irritated him. Once he had been so easy to please: now all her small conciliations sometimes failed. The day had gone by for them. The more she humbled herself, the less Jan seemed to care for her complaisance. To be kind too late, to be kind when the time for kindness is passed by, that is often the greatest injury of all.

At the end of eighteen months Jan and Skager quarrelled. Skager had become intimate with Peter Fae, and Peter was doubtless to blame. At any rate, Jan was sure he was, and he spent his days in morose complaining, and futile threats of vengeance. In a few weeks even Ragon Torr got weary of Jan's ill-temper and heroics. Besides, he was in his debt, and there seemed no prospect of speedy work for him. Upon the whole, it was a miserable winter for the Vedders. Jan made very little. Sometimes he killed a seal, or brought in a bag of birds, but his earnings were precarious, and Margaret took care that his table should be in accordance. She ate her meagre fare of salt fish and barley bread with a face of perfect resignation: she gave up her servant and made no complaints, and she did think it a most shameful injustice that, after all, Jan should be cross with her.

One afternoon in early spring Jan met the Udaller Tulloch. He was jogging along on his little rough pony, his feet raking the ground, and his prehistoric hat tied firmly on the back of his head. But in spite of his primitive appearance he was a man of wealth and influence, the banker of the island, liked and trusted of all men—except Peter Fae. With Peter he had come often in conflict; he had superseded him in a civil office, he had spoken slightly of some of Peter's speculation, and, above all offences, in a recent kirk election he had been chosen

Deacon instead of Peter. They were the two rich men of Lerwick, and they were jealous and distrustful of each other.

"Jan Vedder," said Tulloch, cheerily, "I would speak with thee; come to my house within an hour."

It was not so fine a house as Peter's, but Jan liked its atmosphere. A bright fire of peats glowed on the ample hearth, and the Udaller sat eating and drinking before it. He made Jan join him, and without delay entered upon his business.

"I want to sell *The Solan*, Jan. She is worth a thousand pounds for a coaster; or, if thou wishes, thou could spoil Skagger's trips with her. She is half as broad as she is long, with high bilge, and a sharp bottom: the very boat for these seas—wilt thou buy her?"

"If I had the money, nothing would be so much to my liking."

"Well, then, thy wife brought me £50 yesterday; that makes thy account a little over £600. I will give thee a clear bill of sale and trust thee for the balance. 'Tis a great pity to see a good lad like thee going to waste. It is that."

"If I was in thy debt, then thou would own a part of me. I like well to be my own master."

"A skipper at sea doth what he will; and every one knows that Jan Vedder is not one that serves. Remember, thou wilt be skipper of thy—own—boat!"

Jan's eyes flashed joyfully, but he said, "My wife may not like I should use the money for this purpose."

"It is a new thing for a man to ask his wife if he can spend this or that, thus or so. And to what good? Margaret Vedder would speak to her father, and thou knows if Peter Fae love thee—or not."

These words roused the worst part of Jan's nature. He remembered, in a moment, all the envy and wonder he would cause by sailing out of harbour skipper of his own boat. It was the very temptation that was irresistible to him. He entered into Tulloch's plan with all his heart, and before he left him he was in a mood to justify any action which would further his desire.

"Only give not thy thoughts speech, Jan," said Tulloch at parting: "and above all things, trust not thy plans to a woman. When wilt thou tell me 'yes' or 'no'?"

"To-morrow."

But Jan was not the man to hold counsel with his own soul. He wanted human advice and sympathy, and he felt sure of Snorro. He went straight to him, and told him of Tulloch's offer, and added, "At last, then, I have the sum of my wife's savings, and I will show her she has been saving for a good end. What dost thou think, Snorro?"

"I think the money is thine. All thine has been hers, or she had not saved so much; all hers ought then to be thine. But it is well and right to tell her of Tulloch's offer to thee. She may like to give thee as a gift what else thou must take without any pleasure."

Jan laughed; it was an unpleasant laugh, and did not at all brighten his face, but he resolved to a certain extent on taking Snorro's advice. It was quite midnight when he reached his home, but Margaret was sitting by a few red peats knitting. She was weeping, also, and her tears annoyed him.

"Thou art ever crying like a cross child," he said. "Now what art thou crying for?"

"For thy love, my husband. If thou would care a little for me!"

"That is also what I say. If thou would care a little for me and for my well-doing! Listen now! I have heard where I can buy a good boat for £600. Wilt thou ask thy father for so much of thy tocher? To have this boat, Margaret, would make me the happiest man in Shetland. I know that thou can manage it if thou wilt. Dear wife, do this thing for me. I ask thee with all my heart." And he bent toward her, took the knitting away, and held her hands in his own.

Margaret dropped her eyes and Jan watched her with a painful interest. Did she love him or her £600 better? Her face paled and flushed. She looked up quickly, and her lips parted. Jan believed that she was going to say—"I have £600, and I will gladly give it to thee." He was ready to fold her to his breast, to love her as he had loved her that day when he had first called her "wife." Alas! after a slight hesitation, she dropped her pale face and answered slowly—"I will not ask my father. I might as well ask the sea for fresh water."

Jan let her hands fall, and stood up. "I see now that all talk with thee will come to little. What thou wants, is that men should give thee all, and thou give nothing. When thou

'sayest, 'thy love, husband,' thou means 'thy money, husband;' and if there is no money, then there is ever sighs and tears. Many things thou hast yet to learn of a wife's duty, and very soon I will give thee a lesson I had done well to teach thee long since."

"I have borne much from thee, Jan, but at the next wrong thou does me, I will go back to my father. That is what I shall do."

"We will see to that."

"Yes, we will see!" And she rose proudly, and with flashing eyes gathered up her knitting and her wool and left the room.

The next morning Jan and Tulloch concluded their bargain. *The Solan* was put in thorough order, and loaded with a coasting cargo. It was supposed that Tulloch's nephew would sail her, and Jan judged it wisest to show no interest in the matter. But an hour after all was ready, he drew the £600 out of Tulloch's bank, paid it down for the boat, and sailed her out of Lerwick harbour at the noon-tide. In ten minutes afterward a score of men had called in Peter Fae's store and told him.

He was both puzzled and annoyed. Why had Tulloch interfered with Jan unless it was for his, Peter's, injury? From the secrecy maintained, he suspected some scheme against his interests. Snorro, on being questioned, could truthfully say that Jan had not told him he was to leave Lerwick that morning; in fact, Jan had purposely left Snorro ignorant of his movements. But the good fellow could not hide the joy he felt, and Peter looked at him wrathfully.

It was seldom Peter went to see his daughter, but that evening he made her a call. Whatever she knew she would tell him, and he did not feel as if he could rest until he got the clue to Jan's connection with Tulloch. But when he named it to Margaret, he found she was totally ignorant of Jan's departure. The news shocked her. Her work dropped from her hand; she was faint with fear and amazement. Jan had never before left her in anger, without a parting word or kiss. Her father's complaints and fears about Tulloch she scarcely heeded. Jan's behaviour toward herself was the only thought in her mind. Peter learned nothing from her; but his irritation was much increased by what he considered Margaret's unreasonable sorrow over a bad husband.

"Come thou home to thy mother," he said, "when thy eyes are dry; but bring no tears to my house for Jan Vedder."

Then Margaret remembered that she had threatened Jan with this very thing. Evidently he had dared her to do it by this new neglect and unkindness. She wandered up and down the house, full of wretched fears and memories: love, anger, pride, each striving for the mastery. She felt bitterly that night that her married life had been a failure. "Why should she not go home as her father told her?" This question she kept asking herself.

At daybreak she began to put carefully away such trifles of household decoration as she valued most. Little ornaments bought in Edinburgh, pieces of fancy work done in her school days, fine china, or glass, or napery. She had determined to lock up the house and go to her father's until Jan returned. Then he would be obliged to come for her, and in any dispute she would at least have the benefit of a strong position. This train of ideas suggested her bank book. That must certainly go with her, and a faint smile crossed her face as she imagined the surprise of her father and mother at the amount it vouched for—that was, if she concluded to tell them. She went for it; of course it was gone. At first she did not realize the fact; then, as the possibility of its loss smote her, she trembled with terror, and hurriedly turned over and over the contents of the drawer. "Gone!" She said it with a quick, sharp cry, like that of a woman mortally wounded. She could find it nowhere, and after five minutes' search, she sat down upon her bedside, and abandoned herself to agonizing grief.

Yes, it was pitiable. She had begun the book with pennies saved from sweets and story-books, from sixpences, made by knitting through hours when she would have liked to play. The ribbons and trinkets of her girlhood and maidenhood were in it, besides many a little comfort that Jan and herself had been defrauded of. Her hens had laid for it, her geese been plucked for it. It had been the idol upon the hearthstone to which had been offered up the happiness of her youth, and before which love lay slain.

At first its loss was all she could take in, but very quickly she began to connect the loss with Jan, and with the £600 he had asked her to get for him at their last conversation. With

this conviction her tears ceased, her face grew hard and white as ice. If Jan had used her money she was sure she would never speak to him, never see him again. At that hour she almost hated him. He was only the man who had taken her £600. She forgot that he had been her lover and her husband. As soon as she could control herself she fled to her father's house, and kneeling down by Peter's side sobbed out the trouble that filled her cup to overflowing.

This was a sorrow Peter could heartily sympathize with. He shed tears of anger and mortification, as he wiped away those of his daughter. It was a great grief to him that he could not prosecute Jan for theft. But he was quite aware that the law recognized Jan's entire right to whatever was his wife's. Neither the father nor daughter remembered how many years Jan had respected his wife's selfishness, and forgiven her want of confidence in him; the thing he had done was an unpardonable wrong.

Thora said very little. She might have reminded Peter that he had invested all her fortune in his business, that he always pocketed her private earnings. But to what purpose? She did not much blame Jan for taking at last, what many husbands would have taken at first, but she was angry enough at his general unkindness to Margaret. Yet it was not without many forebodings of evil she saw Peter store away in an empty barn all the pretty furniture of Margaret's house, and put the key of the deserted house in his pocket.

"And I am so miserable!" wailed the wretched wife, morning, noon, and night. Her money and her husband supplied her with perpetual lamentations, varied only by pitiful defences of her own conduct: "My house was ever clean and comfortable! No man's table was better served! I was never idle! I wasted nothing! I never was angry! And yet I am robbed, and betrayed, and deserted! There never was so miserable a woman—so unjustly miserable!" etc.

"Alas! my child," said Thora, one day, "did you then expect to drink of the well of happiness before death? This is the great saying which we all forget: *There*—not here—*there* the wicked cease from troubling; *there* the weary are at rest. *There* God has promised to wipe away all tears, but not here, Margaret, *not here*."

The Higher Life.

DR. THOMAS SLADE ROBINSON.

BY THE REV. JOHN POTTS, D.D.

RARELY, if ever, has Canadian Methodism contributed a more saintly spirit to the skies than that of Thomas Slade Robinson, M.D. The beloved physician fell asleep in Jesus on the 6th of November, 1885, after a Christian career of extraordinary consecration, stretching over well nigh half a century. All who had the honour of knowing him, were constrained to say, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!" Perhaps the description given of Barnabas more fitly describes the beautiful character of Dr. Robinson, "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith."

Thomas Slade Robinson was born upon the 16th of April, 1801, in Stone, Staffordshire, England. He was educated in England and Wales, and passed his medical examinations in London and Dublin. Dr. Robinson spent three years in the West Indies, and came to this country in the year 1831. He was an able physician, and a gentleman of considerable culture. It is, however, with his religious character that we have to do in this obituary notice. We shall allow him to tell the story of that consecration to God which made him a burning and a shining light, and a soul-winner above many. He was converted in the quiet of his own room. At the time of his conversion he was an adherent of the Church of England in the city of Quebec. The following are extracts from his diary written in 1840 :—

"On October 24th, 1837, the Sun of Righteousness arose upon my poor dark spirit, and I rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. I felt experimentally 'the peace of God which passeth all understanding.' From that time to November last, I never had any serious doubts that I was accepted of my Heavenly Father and was a child of God. For some hours upon one evening in that month, I was in black darkness, and was in a measure speechless before God, under a discovery of my terrible backsliding of heart. During the night the Lord spoke peace to my soul, and up to the present day, I can say, thanks to my Saviour, He has been carrying on His work in my heart.

"The latter end of November, 1840, on the breaking out of the revival of God's work amongst the Methodists here, I was led, doubtless by the Spirit of the Lord, to go and hear the new preacher, the Rev. James Caughey. I must say, at first, educational prejudices were a little called into exercise by some things I saw and heard. This, however, was of momentary operation, for on reading the Rev. W. H. Harvard's excellent little work entitled, 'Special Efforts for the Souls of Men,' I became quite disabused of all my objections, and felt I could enter with much warmth into the work of the Holy Spirit, so gloriously being carried on around me. I was led to seek a private interview with our valued evangelist, Mr. Caughey, in relation to a case of a poor convict under sentence of transportation. I felt at once the most powerful conviction that this excellent individual was a man of God, and I was irresistibly led to entertain a great and warm affection for him.

"Upon this ground I felt much encouraged to lead my dear wife to this blessed means of grace, hoping as the Lord was pouring out His Spirit and converting many souls, she too might receive the riches of the kingdom in the saving conversion of her dark heart into the marvellous light of the gospel of grace. After some opposition upon my dear wife's part, she was led to attend the preaching and prayer-meetings for some time; and after a deep awakening to her perishing condition, she found Him for whom her soul longed, and, thanks be to God forever, He was pleased in a few hours, not only to speak pardon and peace to her agonized heart, but to give her the deeper and sanctifying work of His Spirit in the cleansing of her soul from sin. During the period of time occupied in the above interesting events in my dear wife's history, I had been sitting under Mr. Caughey's plain and powerful teaching of the doctrine of sanctification, and saw clearly that that great blessing and very desirable condition of heart was to be attained by simple exercise of faith in the promises of God's gracious Word.

"On the morning of December 8th, 1840, our ministers, Revs. Messrs. Caughey, Selley, and Carwell, called to communicate the happy intelligence of the two latter having received clean hearts during the previous night. I felt strongly impelled to look up for the blessing that favourable moment, and my impulse was to detain them then in my house in supplication to God, until I too was made partaker of the deeper work of grace by like precious faith, which it seemed to me I was ready to exercise then. My friends severally prayed, and when it came to be my privilege to pour out my soul before the throne of grace, I felt prayer was lost in the voice of rapturous praises, my poor soul being filled to overflowing with perfect love—love which cast out all fear that hath torment—and my desire seemed to be for a chariot of fire to carry my poor spirit to the feet of Him who sitteth upon the throne, that I might render unto Him nobler praises, and join with the glad hosts above in singing the song of Moses and of the Lamb."

Through all the years which intervened down to the date of his peaceful, yea triumphant, departure to his heavenly home,

his course in perfecting holiness and in consecrated toil for Jesus was apostolic in its steadiness and in its religious fervour. He placed a very high estimate upon class-meeting, and was at the time of his death leader of two classes. He was at home in the evangelistic efforts of the Church, ever standing by his pastor and encouraging by his presence and by his invaluable services.

Holiness unto the Lord was the theme of his powerful testimony in the social means of grace. More than any man, he reminded the writer of John Fletcher, of precious memory. In burning zeal and deep humility he was like the great saint of Methodism. How Fletcher-like he was in the profound experience he had of the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, and of communion with the Paraclete. How he gloried in the cross of Christ, and testified in exultant language to the efficacy of His precious blood to cleanse from all sin. "He walked with God," and was more a citizen of heaven than of earth. His memory is fragrant in Elm Street Church, and indeed in the Methodism of Toronto, and far beyond the bounds of our own denomination.

Our glorified friend was mighty in faith: such was his implicit, all-conquering trust, that it would seem just the thing for Christ to say unto him, "Great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt." He was powerful in prayer—in the prayer of supplication and of intercession. At times he seemed to reach a lower point in confession and self-abasement than any we have ever known, and as a prince, he often prevailed with the God of Jacob. He was eminent in charity. In this respect he was regarded as a model for the Church, and exerted an influence which helped in the direction of the attainment of that grace which is the bond of perfectness. At the love-feast immediately following his death almost every person who spoke bore emphatic testimony to the spiritual help the departed Doctor had been to them in their efforts to follow Christ; they glorified God in His servant, yea in His child.

The following beautiful tribute from the pen of Dr. Douglas, who was a life-long friend of Dr. Robinson, was read at the memorial service in Elm Street Church on Sunday morning the 22nd of November, 1885:—

"DEAR DR. POTTS,—Your telegram asks for an estimate of Dr. Robinson. What shall I write? I have known him, I may say intimately,

for forty-three years. Since the hour when he prayed for my conversion, when a youth, until the present, I have never known a character more beautiful, more consistent and more saintly than the beloved physician. Enjoying in early life the advantages of a finished education; surrounded with refinement and all that society could give; cultured by travel; widened by his residence in the West Indies and elsewhere; having won a position of professional distinction in the city of Quebec, he gladly counted all things lost for Christ's sake. Henceforth his life was one of signal and entire consecration to the Master, a living epistle read and known of all men. For five years, full of all good works, he was resident in Montreal, and after a lapse of thirty-five years the fragrance of his piety, and that of his honoured widow, still abides. During a somewhat long public life, it has been my lot, in this country and in other lands, to meet with many of the Lord's anointed ones, but of this I am certain, that I never met with one who more beautifully exemplified, in every aspect of his character, Wesley's definition of Christian perfection—"All praise, all meekness, and all love"—than the dear departed. His profound spirituality; his deep insight into the nature of the fellowship of the Spirit; his rapt and all but mystic communing with God, reminding one of Thomas à Kempis and Bernard of Cluny. The unquenchable ardour of his love for Christ and for souls; his overpowering conception of the holiness of God, waking in his heart the deepest humility. My heart grows tender and my eyes moisten as I think of him as a friend beloved, so tender, so warm-hearted, so unchanging in his friendship! Never has Canadian Methodism sent a more blessed, ripened, and Christ-like disciple to enrich the heavens than our mutual friend, Dr. Slade Robinson.

"The memory of his saintly piety will, I am sure, live through the coming years, as an inspiration and a heritage to the beloved church in Elm Street. And 'when the shadows are a little longer grown,' this is your hope and mine to join him in the beatific vision of the City of God.—Yours affectionately,
GEO. DOUGLAS."

Many of the readers of this MAGAZINE have heard of the late Dr. Robinson, and of "the elect lady," who survives her beloved husband, and who like him witnesses a good confession touching holiness, well designated by the late Bishop Peck "the central idea of Christianity." Let us as a Church thank God for such a life of eminent usefulness, a life illustrative of "the beauty of holiness." Let us rejoice that the full salvation he possessed and consistently exemplified is as available to us as it was to him. The Divine Comforter who dwelt in him comes to us to abide and to transform us into the likeness of Christ. Could Dr. Slade Robinson speak to us to-day, he would say to the Methodists of this Dominion, "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a

living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

"Servant of God, well done,
Thy glorious warfare's past ;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last ;
Of all thy heart's desire
Triumphantly possessed ;
Lodged by the ministerial choir
In thy Redeemer's breast."

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

ONCE to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood for the good or evil side ;
Some great cause God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt the darkness and the light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, with whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land ?
Though the cause of Evil prosper yet 'tis Truth alone is strong,
And albeit she wander outcast, now I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful tall angels to enshield her from all wrong.

Careless seems the great Avenger ; history's pages but record
Our death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word :
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small and what is great,
Slow of faith, how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate ;
But the soul is still oracular ; amid the market's din,
List the ominous storm whisper from the Delphic cave within,—
" *They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin.*"
—Lowell.

Christ took your nature, and came into your place, to justify you ; He took possession of your heart, to sanctify you ; He advocates your cause before God the Father, to comfort you ; He reigns on the throne, to command you ; He will come again to judge you.

Current Topics and Events.

OUR EDUCATIONAL WORK.

We have no sympathy with the opinion of those who think that Methodism has neglected her educational work in this land. From the very beginning the fathers of Methodism, both in the old world and the new, perceived the vital importance of promoting higher education, both secular and theological. Nearly half a century ago, when the State institution of higher learning in this province was closed to all except the adherents of a dominant Church, the fathers and founders of Canadian Methodism—poor in this world's goods but rich in faith—out of their meagre incomes established the only university in the country free to all without sectarian tests or conditions. Its record has been an honour to our Church. A large proportion of its ministers have received their scholastic training within its walls. Its 463 graduates in arts have enriched professional, public, and private life with some of their most distinguished ornaments, and have largely moulded the institutions and formed the Christian sentiment of Canadian society.

The honourable record of Albert University, and in the Eastern Provinces the influence of Mount Allison University, with its 110 graduates in arts, have been similarly potent. To the graduates of these institutions must be added, as an important factor in their educational result, the thousands of students who did not proceed to a degree. The successful Ladies' Colleges at St. Thomas, Hamilton, Whitby, Belleville, Stanstead, Sackville, and the Institute at St. John, Newfoundland, with their five or six hundred students, are also exerting a most powerful influence on the future homes of our country.

The position and importance of Methodism would be far different from what they are to-day if the record of its educational institutions were blotted out. The marvel is

that in a comparatively young country, where there are few hereditary or accumulated fortunes, so much should have been accomplished by Canadian Methodism for higher education. But with the increasing numbers and resources of our people, and the higher standard of educational culture of our times, it is necessary that still more should be done. If the Methodists of to-day exhibit the same enterprise and energy in proportion to their ability as those of fifty years ago, the urgent claims of the Educational Society of our Church will be fully met. The Report of that Society for 1885, by its energetic Secretary, the Rev. Dr. Burwash, is now before us. "Never," it says, "in the history of Canadian Methodism was our educational work more important than at the present time. The consolidation of our churches in all parts of the land has given us greater relative prominence and influence in the community, and calls more loudly than ever for trained men in all departments of Church work. . . .

Whether Victoria maintains her present position of independence, or enters into a provincial system of University Confederation, she needs immediate and large reinforcement of men and means. The enlargement of her staff to twelve or thirteen professors must be provided for, if she is not to recede from the high rank attained by years of earnest and successful toil. An annual deficit also reminds us that her resources are not adequate to the maintenance of even the present staff."

There are two ways of supplying this need: First, by creating a large invested endowment; second, by securing a largely increased annual revenue of the Educational Society. As the alumni and other friends of our educational institutions accumulate property we may anticipate large sums for endowment, and also from the bequests of those who pass away. But the second method

we regard as still more important. It is better that the educational work of our Church—like its missionary work, of which indeed it is a part—should live in the affections and sympathies of all our people and be remembered in their prayers, than that it should be carried on chiefly by the large givings of a comparatively small number. Of course a combination of both these methods would be the most desirable result of all.

"To meet the demands of our work," says Dr. Burwash, "the income of the Educational Society should be extended to at least \$20,000. This is but ten per cent. of the amount asked by the Missionary Society. It is a little more than one-third of the amount raised for the worn-out ministers. An investment of this kind would do more for the future of our Church than can be accomplished in any other way."

If we are to hold our own in an honourable competition with other Churches, which devote much attention to ministerial education, in moulding the religious life of this Dominion, we must not be behind them in our educational institutions, and in their efficient equipment and vigorous operation. Our great and growing work in the North-West—from the boundaries of Ontario to the Pacific—demands an institution at Winnipeg on a par with those of the Anglican, Presbyterian and Roman Catholic Churches. Then the Tokio College for the training of a native ministry in Japan, we learn, "is proving an eminent success, being filled to its utmost capacity, and necessitating an immediate enlargement of the staff."

It need not be apprehended that the amplest college preparation will make ministerial candidates fastidious as to the work they will undertake, or lessen their missionary enthusiasm or soul-saving zeal.

Chancellor Nelles has abundantly shown that the most heroic missionaries in the high places of the field and in the sternest scenes of toil are those who have gone forth from our college halls. The keenest and the best attempered blades are those

demanded for the hardest work; and the missionary fervour of an Eby, a Meacham, a Macdonald, a McDougall, a McLean, and others, who have gone to the most arduous missionary fields, proves that the amplest preparation for their work but fires enthusiasm and achieves success in its accomplishment.

We trust that at the approaching educational meetings the important interests of our Church, which they are held to promote, will receive such intelligent appreciation and support as shall meet their urgent need.

REVIVALS.

Methodism is an organized revival. The spirit of revival is its vital air. As a Church we thoroughly believe in religious revivals. We pray for them, we work for them, we expect them; and, thank God, we have them. The record of the past year has been one of unprecedented revival; and during the year on which we have entered, already from many parts of the country come reports of similar showers of blessing. These revivals will furnish the best solution of all the financial and other difficulties of the hour.

We expect, of course, conversions at all our services, in summer as well as in winter. But the comparative leisure and long evenings of our winter months make them especially seasonable for special evangelistic effort for an abundant harvest of souls. To this all the social arrangements, the parties and entertainments, and even the church festivals of our people, should be secondary. The conversion of those to whom we preach is far more important than their amusement. And when they experience the joys of salvation they will not hanker after the questionable or forbidden amusements which are calculated to estrange them from the house of God and from the pleasures of religion.

Much may be done to promote revivals in our Sunday-schools. Let teachers exercise much faith and prayer for their scholars. Let them take an opportunity to speak in pri-

vate the word in season—to make a personal appeal for decision to be the disciples of Jesus. Let a special service of prayer be held in connection with the school. Let all the instruction given have a direct bearing on the conversion of the scholars. Thus may teachers enjoy the exceeding great reward of leading their scholars to the Saviour, of bringing full sheaves to the Master, and rejoicing before God with the joy of the harvest.

In towns and cities a profound and wide-spread religious influence might be excited by having united revival services. Methodism has taught other churches to adopt revival methods. May we not learn something from these new adaptations? In New York over a score of Protestant Episcopal churches held special "missions" at the same time. In London over two hundred churches held simultaneous "mission" services with the happiest results.

In several places in Canada the Methodists and Presbyterians have been holding united revival meetings with manifest advantage. The Rev. T. M. Campbell thus writes in the *Guardian* of such a meeting recently held in Goderich: "We have had five weeks of the labours of Bro. Crossley in evangelistic services, and they have been weeks of great blessing to our town. The two Methodist churches and the Presbyterian church joined together in this work, and all shared in the results. There are sometimes great advantages accruing to the cause of religion by union evangelistic work, and in this case I can see several happy results which we could not have hoped to reach by the effort of any individual church. 1st. The number of converts included several outside of all congregations engaged in this work. 2nd. The testimony of believers, or experience meetings, of which Methodism used to have a monopoly, became in these meetings common to all, and several persons with previous strong prejudice against this, began to testify and exhort. 3rd. A number who did not understand their privilege of conscious acceptance with

God, by the testimony of other believers were persuaded to claim it for themselves and confess it."

In rural neighbourhoods, where brethren often labour among many difficulties and discouragements, such co-operation, where possible, seems very desirable. In such cases the visit of a successful evangelist, of whom we have many in our ranks, or the help of a brother minister from an adjoining circuit or church, will often put new heart and vigour in the work.

But it is especially in cities, we think, that co-operation can be best secured and will be most successful in its results. If all the Methodist churches of Toronto or Hamilton or London or Montreal, or, better still, if all the evangelical churches of those cities, would hold simultaneous revival services—perhaps two or three contiguous churches joining in a joint service—would it not challenge public attention, and arouse Christian sympathy, and stimulate Christian zeal, and evoke a volume of faith and prayer and soul-saving effort as perhaps nothing else could do? Would it not in a striking manner, amid the bustling activities of time, concentrate and focus thought upon the far more important realities of eternity? Would it not strengthen the bond of Christian brotherhood and be a demonstration, which the caviller and the infidel could not gainsay, of the practical unity of the Churches in the essential verities of religion? Such a demonstration was given when Moody visited Toronto and Montreal. But why wait for Moody? God is with us ever, and the Divine Spirit will be abundantly manifest in answer to faith and prayer. Such a massing of the forces, such a bold forward movement in response to the summons of the Great Head of the Church—"Onward, Christian soldiers!"—would put courage into the heart of the weakest believer, would carry with it the presage of glorious victory. It might perhaps awaken opposition and provoke criticism and be spoken against and written against. But opposition would only make its triumph more

marked. The uplifted Christ will, as ever, draw all men unto Him. The attraction of the Cross will be mightier than the fascinations of worldly pleasures—of roller-rinks and balls, of theatres and saloons. In the higher civilization of the future—of the near future, let us hope—upon even the recreations and amusements of life shall be written "Holiness unto the Lord."

Great cities are the great difficulties and, at the same time, the great opportunities of the Churches. There temptations to evil are most seductive and and most deadly. There the victories of the Cross must be most glorious. It was so in apostolic times. When Philip preached in Samaria the people with one accord gave heed, and unclean spirits came out of many that were possessed with them and there was great joy

in that city. When Paul preached in Antioch almost the whole city came together, and though the Jews spurned the Gospel, the Gentiles were glad and the Word of the Lord was published throughout all the region. It was so at Iconium and Lystra and Derbe and Corinth. And although at Philippi and Thessalonica and Ephesus, the whole city was in an uproar against Paul, yet there he won some of his grandest Gospel triumphs.

So may it be now. The victory in Toronto over the liquor interest in January has raised the moral tone of every town and city in the province. A great revival in Toronto and in our other centres of population would strengthen the hands and encourage the hearts of brethren labouring amid isolation and loneliness in the farthest mission fields.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Nearly one thousand new members per week were added to the English Wesleyan Church last year, in all 49,000.

The Channel Islands, lying off the coast of France, have belonged to Great Britain since the Conquest, and it is said that they are the most completely Methodist population in the world: out of 90,000 inhabitants the Methodist places of worship supply sittings for 18,000.

The last Conference appointed the Rev. D. A. DeMorrillpied to evangelistic work in France and Belgium. He spends half of his time speaking at "*reunions populaires*" in Paris and its neighbourhood, and the other half in visiting mission stations in France and Belgium.

The Queen has given \$100 to the Wesleyan school building at East Cowes, Isle of Wight.

Arrangements have been made to celebrate the jubilee of the Fiji mission this year.

It is said that the contributions of the membership of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in England are about \$1.60 to foreign missions, and to home missions about 40 cents, while the contributions of the Methodist Episcopal Church only amount to 42 cents for both foreign and home missions together.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

The mission in Australia is more prosperous than it has been for thirty years.

The Chinese mission, which has been worked for twenty years under the superintendence of the Rev. John Innocent, has made great progress. There are now fifty-nine chapels, thirty-eight societies, seven missionaries, including two medical;

sixty native helpers and local preachers, one thousand one hundred and forty-four native members, and nineteen schools. Some of the converts were soldiers in the Chinese army. Great injury has been done to the mission property by the war with France.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The Woman's Foreign Mission Committee recently met at Evanston, Ill. The report of the treasurer showed that \$157,000 had been collected by the branch societies during the year. Four lady missionaries were appointed to China and Japan.

The General Missionary Committee, at its recent annual meeting, adopted the two following resolutions: (1) that we ask the Church for \$1,000,000; and (2) that \$850,000 of it be now appropriated for home and foreign missionary work; \$350,000 was the limit of appropriations to the home missionary work in the United States; \$3,000 was appropriated for the salary of Bishop Taylor.

Bishop Taylor was in Lisbon in November. That day he was to see the King of Portugal. Before his departure from Africa all his mission families were comfortably settled in houses. There are six stations, besides that assigned to the Quakers. Bishop Taylor went from Lisbon to London, where he preached and gave some account of his African work. He said that last March he went to South Central Africa with forty-four missionary men and women and children. Several of these had returned, thirty-one were stricken down with African fever and one young man succumbed and died, but the thirty-one who remained at the front were now well and happy in their work. He proposes to extend the line of mission stations still further into the interior. He now wants fresh recruits, and then will lead a new missionary expedition up the Congo and Kasai rivers into the Tushelange country. Bishop Taylor has also seen the King of Belgium, Leopold II., to whom he gave a full account of his mission and his pro-

posed visit to the Congo Valley. The king expressed his great pleasure and readiness to co-operate with him by all the means at his command.

At the recent meeting of the Missionary Board in New York, the Rev. Dr. Goucher stated the prospects and needs of the Anglo-Japanese College at Tokio, and asked for a grant of \$12,000 for the College building, and offered to give \$5,000 of that amount. The \$7,000 was accordingly voted by acclamation.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

It is just one hundred years ago since Methodism was introduced into Newfoundland. The Rev. John McGeary was the first Methodist missionary stationed there. The total population is 197,589, of whom 69,646 are reported Episcopalians; 75,350 Roman Catholics, and 48,943 Methodists; others, 3,670. During the decade, Episcopalians increased 16.89, Roman Catholics 17.12, and Methodists 37.18, more than both the two former united.

A few weeks ago a committee representing the principal Methodist churches in Montreal extended a welcome at the Theological College to the ninety-eight students attending the McGill University and other colleges in the city. A pleasant evening was spent, the programme consisting of choice music and appropriate addresses by distinguished ministers and laymen.

A meeting of a similar kind was recently held in the parlours of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, to give a welcome to all the Methodist students attending the various educational and literary institutions in the city. A similar reception was also given in the Sherbourne Street Church. Such social gatherings have a tendency to make young people increasingly attached to the Church of their fathers. Such meetings should be held frequently.

Recently a Woman's Missionary Society was formed in the Indian Reserve, Georgina Island. The officers were all selected from the native women on the island. This is pro-

bably the first society of the kind formed among the Indians.

Gerrard Street Church and Euclid Avenue Church, Toronto, were both recently re-opened after enlargement. The city churches appear to be doing well. We understand that Sherbourne Street Church is to be rebuilt and Carlton Street Church to be enlarged.

Rev. Paul Robins, a superannuated minister in Toronto Conference, has recently set an example worthy of imitation. He sent a cheque for \$517 to the Rev. William Briggs, President of the Toronto Conference, to be expended on such church objects as the President may deem most needy.

Mrs. Dickson, of Montreal, has also remembered the Superannuation Fund by sending \$100 to the treasurer. The said lady contributes a similar amount annually.

THE DEATH ROLL.

Death has been very busy since our last issue. W. H. Vanderbilt, Esq., said to be the richest man in the world, died suddenly while conversing with a friend at his house in New York. He left about a million dollars to several benevolent societies. The University at Nashville, Tenn., which owes its existence mainly to the generosity of his father, was remembered by him in the gift of \$200,000.

The Very Rev. John Saul Howson, D.D., died in December at the age of 69. He was the author of several valuable theological works, none of which surpassed the "Life and Epistles of St. Paul," which he published conjointly with the Rev. W. J. Conybeare.

Dr. William B. Carpenter, the eminent English physician, died in London from a terrible burning which resulted from the upsetting of a lamp while he was taking a vapour bath for rheumatism. He was an eminent temperance advocate, and the author of "Physiology of Temperance and Total Abstinence," and other important works.

Rev. John Butler, Presbyterian missionary in China, died of cholera near Ningpo, last October. His eldest son died of the same disease a few hours before him. Mr. Butler was born in the Roman Catholic Church, but while he was yet a youth he was converted to Protestantism. He graduated at Princeton in 1865. He went to China in 1867, where he has laboured with great efficiency ever since, preaching both in English and Chinese.

In our own Church another superannuated minister, the Rev. David Griffin, of Niagara Conference, has finished his course. He had attained the patriarchal age of 88. In consequence of feeble health he only gave 12 years to circuit work. During the years of his retirement he performed a good deal of valuable service for the Church, and now he rests from his labours.

Mrs. Mathewson, widow of the late John Mathewson, of Montreal, has followed her sainted husband and many members of their family to their eternal home. The venerable couple were among the pioneers of Methodism in Montreal. The fathers of the Church were especially greatly indebted to their hospitality.

The Hon. Adam Crooks.—This esteemed gentleman has gone over to the great majority. During the last two years of his life his intellect was beclouded. As a lawyer he was distinguished for patient industry, and his opinions were always regarded with favour. As Minister of Education he was the successor of the late revered Dr. Ryerson, and at the time of that Nestor's demise he delivered a highly eulogistic address in the Ontario Legislature, when he moved that the House should adjourn and attend the funeral of his honoured predecessor. The Temperance community should revere his memory, as he carried through the Provincial Parliament an important measure now known as the Crooks Act. He was a cultivated gentleman, a genial member of society, and an honourable statesman.

Book Notices.

History of Italy from the Commencement of the Christian Era to the Present Day; or, Italy Struggling into Light. By the Rev. H. H. FAIRALL, D.D. Large 8vo, pp. 824. Illustrated. Cincinnati: Cranston & Slowe. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$3.50.

The history of Italy is but another name for the history of civilization. He who traces the record even of the city of Rome itself from its rude beginning to the present time, follows the development and decay of the proudest civilization of the ancient world; the revival of learning, of art, of science in modern times; the wonderful growth and sinister influence of the Papacy; the eclipse of faith and destruction of liberty which it brought about; and the struggle into light and liberty of recent years. The earlier part of this stirring story is accessible in many popular books. The latter part, the record of Italy's emancipation from the thralldom of the Papal power, is one that we know not where else to find so fully yet succinctly told as in this volume. It is easier to find the history of the Punic wars or of the Twelve Cæsars than to find that of the silent revolution wrought under Count Cavour and of the victories of Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel. It is this that lends its special value to this book, and the author has wisely devoted nearly half of its 820 pages to events during the present century and chiefly during its latter half.

In a few graphic chapters he traces the decline and fall of the old Roman Empire. Then follows the sombre record of the Dark Ages, the rise and struggles of the Italian republics, and the fratricidal strifes of Guelfs and Ghibelines. The revival of learning and art, the dawn of the Reformation in Italy, and the culmination of Papal bigotry and wickedness in the cruelties of the Inquisition, and persecution unto death of the Italian martyrs, fill a brilliant series of chapters, bringing

us down to the dawn of the present century. Here begins what may be called the strictly modern period—the Italian conquests of Napoleon, the oppression of Austria, the abortive revolutions of Mazzini and the *carbonari*; constitutional development under Cavour, the real founder of Italian liberty; the romantic career of Garibaldi; the triumph of the patriot king, Victor Emanuel; the defeat of Austria, and the unification of the Italian nation. One of the most striking episodes in this history is the record of the Waldensians preserving amid their mountain fastnesses the primitive purity of the faith. This stirring story of Italy has all the fascination of romance. But recently we might have said of the lowly but long down-trodden land:

“Lone mother of dead Empires, see
 she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voice-
 less woe,
An empty urn within her withered
 hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long
 ago.”

But now, facing the dawn of a brighter day, hope flashes in her eyes, and the pulses of a new national life throb in her veins. The Pope may fancy himself a prisoner amid the splendours of the Vatican, but the people are free, and are proving themselves worthy sons of their heroic Roman sires.

Dr. Fairall is to be congratulated on the completion of a noble historic monument of that emancipation. The book is beautifully printed from clear, bold type, and fifty illustrations of prominent actors and places in this historic drama enhance the value of the volume.

From Boston to Bareilly and Back.

By Rev. WILLIAM BUTLER, D.D.
New York: Phillips & Hunt.
Toronto: William Briggs. Price
\$1.50.

Few men have had such a career

as the author of this volume. He is the fruit of Irish Methodism. He began his itinerant life in his native land, but after a few years he removed to the United States, where we have reason to know that he earned a good degree among his brethren.

At the call of the Methodist Episcopal Church he went to India to establish a mission, and when he had scarcely commenced his labours the Sepoy rebellion swept through the land like an awful tornado. After the cessation of hostilities he was joined by other devoted brethren from America, and began his grand mission, which was eminently successful. After nine years he returned to America, but he was soon called to go to Mexico, where he inaugurated another mission, which also has a Conference of its own.

Dr. Butler has thus had the honour of founding two important missions. About two years ago a few friends sent him and his wife and daughter to India, that they might revisit the scene of their former labours, after an absence of nineteen years. The volume before us is the result of that visit. We should hardly think that any person who believes in the power of Christianity can begin to read this charming volume without finishing it. It is eminently calculated to fan the flame of missionary zeal. It is got up in a superior style and deserves an extensive circulation.—E. B.

Natural Theology; or, Rational Theism. By M. VALENTINE, D.D. Pp. 274. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

The rapid progress of physical science and philosophical thought in recent times, has to a considerable extent superseded the arguments adduced by Paley in his *Natural Theology*. The purpose of this book is to bring together the various approved evidences as they now stand in the best accredited thought and knowledge of our times. The book gives the substance of lectures by the author as President of Pennsyl-

vania College. It treats first the presumptive evidence of the Divine existence, as the universality of the idea, the religious instinct of the race, the benign influence of the belief, etc. It then gives the ontological evidence as argued by Plato, Anselm, Descartes, Butler, and Cousin, and then the cosmological and teleological evidence. The latter argument, though sneered at by the evolutionists, can never lose its force. The reality of final causes is universally felt and demands intelligence and will the great First Cause of all things. But the strongest of all is the moral evidence, the testimony of conscience, and the relation between moral law and happiness. The book concludes with two able chapters on the character of God and His relations to the universe. From this brief outline may be gained some idea of the comprehensive scope and philosophical method of this inquiry.

Christian Unity and Christian Faith, with an Introductory Essay. By JOHN FULTON, D.D., LL.D. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book is one of the significant signs of the times, as showing the growing desire for a broader brotherhood and closer unity among the Christians of different Churches. The Rev. Dr. Fulton, rector of St. George's Church, St. Louis, impressed with this feeling, invited a number of the leading ministers of the city to preach in his church a series of sermons on the great common verities of the Christian faith. We have here these six discourses by the pastors of the Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist Episcopal, Congregational, Lutheran and Methodist Episcopal Church South. The Bishop of Missouri, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, presided at two of these meetings. Much attention was attracted by these practical exhibitions of Christian brotherhood, and hundreds were turned from the doors of the church. Dr. Fulton writes a

most catholic-spirited and fraternal introduction. The sermons were worthy of the men who uttered them and of the occasion that called them forth.

A Political Crime. The History of a Great Fraud. By A. M. GIBSON. 8vo, pp. 402. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

One of Victor Hugo's most striking works bears the similar title, "The History of a Crime," and describes the usurpation of power by Napoleon III., as this book describes the alleged usurpation of power by Rutherford B. Hayes. To us in Canada the method of electing the President of the United States seems singularly roundabout, and calculated to facilitate frauds of the sort here alleged. Mr. Gibson stoutly maintains that on Tuesday, November 7th, 1876, Samuel J. Tilden and Thomas A. Hendricks were lawfully elected President and Vice-President of the United States, but were "deprived of their right by illegal methods, bolstered by frauds, perjuries and forgeries." With evidence and arguments in support of this theory he fills nearly 400 pages of this book. There is no doubt that a good deal of fraud and corruption was practised, whether enough to invalidate the election can only be decided by weighing the evidence and arguments *per contra* of the opposite party.

The New Princeton Review. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Co. London: Hodder and Stoughton. Pp. 152. Bi-monthly, \$3 a year.

This Review, it must be understood, is not a revival of the old *Princeton Review*, but is an entirely new enterprise. It announces a noble list of contributors, and makes a bold stroke for a foremost place in the higher literature of the day. The veteran President of Princeton University, Dr. McCosh, contributes a masterly article on "What an American Philosophy Should Be." He defines it to be "a Realism, opposed to Idealism on the

one hand and to Agnosticism on the other." Of special interest are the articles by C. Dudley Warner on "The New South;" by Prof. Parkhurst on "The Christian Conception of Property;" and by Prof. Young on "Lunar Problems." There is a vigorous department of Criticisms, Notes, and Reviews, and, what is something novel in such a high class Review, a graphic and pathetic story of old French life in New Orleans.

Songs of Old Canada. Translated by WILLIAM MCLENNAN. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs.

Mr. McLennan has rendered a patriotic service to Canadian literature in giving the English reader so admirable a translation of those quaint old French *chansons*, many of which are falling into disuetude even in their own tongue. Many of these were transplanted two centuries ago from their native Normandy and Brittany. The original tune has often come down through successive generations of light-hearted singers, and a chief merit of these versions is that they are given in metres corresponding to the originals. The quaint old ballad refrain and *naïve* simplicity of these songs are evidences of their antiquity; while in some the touching tale of love and sorrow, old as humanity, yet ever new, seems like a sigh from the distant past. The book is admirably gotten up, and the French and English versions on opposite pages facilitate comparison.

Elizabeth, or The Exiles of Siberia, from the French of Mme. SOPHIE COTIN. New York: William Gottsberger.

Mr. Gottsberger adds to his admirable library of foreign authors this classic tale, which has beguiled of their tears successive generations of readers. Its record of heroic endurance and filial piety still moves our sympathies, and kindles our indignation against the cruel despotism which inflicted such sufferings on its hapless victims.

LITERARY NOTES.

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine comes out in a new series with a very quaint old-style cover in two colours. It is reduced in price to \$2 a year, and we think decidedly improved in character. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.)

Art and Decoration is an illustrated monthly, each number containing 50 illustrations in brown and black. The leading exponent of the progress of decorative art. Edward Hugh Brown, Publisher, Warren St., New York. \$2.50. per annum.

Numbers Seventeen and Eighteen of the Riverside Literature Series (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 15 cts. each) are devoted to Hawthorn's Wonder-Book for Boys and Girls. A "little classic" that will delight the heart and improve the taste of all who read it.

The Methodist Review (New York: Phillips & Hunt, \$2.62 a year) begins its 68th volume with a good number. A steel portrait and life-sketch of Bishop Wiley are given. The chief points are articles by Dr. Strong on the Revised Old Testament; D. M. Ross on Prof. Drummond; and the veteran Editor on Movements of Religious Thought in Britain.

D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, issue a new *Household Library*, printed in large, readable type, with a handsome cover, price 50 cents per volume. The initial number is "The Pettibone Name," by Margaret Sidney. It is a story of New England rural life, inculcating a fine moral and abounding in both humour and pathos.

The Continental Publishing Co., Chicago, issue a new popular *Atlas of the World*, containing coloured county maps of every State and territory in the Union, and maps on a small scale of the other countries of the world. A printed page describing the topography, climate, history, etc., accompanies each map, and there are many coloured statistical diagrams. Four of these maps are devoted to the Dominion. Price \$1.50.

The excellently edited *Montreal Gazette* makes a strong point of its New Year's review of the world's progress. We have these now on file for several years and find them of great and permanent value. They come, we believe, from the pen of John Reade, Esq., F.R.S.C., one of the most accomplished writers of the Canadian press. The review of 1885 occupies no less than twenty-three and three-quarters closely-printed columns—about as much as a hundred 12mo pages.

We have received a neatly printed memorial of the late Robert Walker, of Toronto, being the beautiful tribute to his memory by the Rev. Hugh Johnston, B.D., delivered at the Carlton Street Church, Oct. 18th, 1885. An expressive and life-like photographic portrait accompanies the sketch. This is an appropriate memento of a godly man, who being dead yet speaketh through his work of faith and labour of love. He rests from his labours and his works do follow him.

The Pastor's Diary and Clerical Record. Prepared by REV. LOUIS H. JORDAN, B.D. Revised ed., 12mo. Price \$1.00. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Contains Calendar, International Lessons, Daily Record for the year, Record for Pastoral Visitation, Collections, Committees, Cash Account, Books to be Read or Consulted, and Books Lent—the last no unimportant matter. Will be of much value by cultivating method and punctuality.

The Open Secret; or, The Bible Explaining Itself. By HANNAH WHITALL SMITH. Pp. 320. Toronto: S. R. Briggs. Price \$1.25. That the author of this work has a faculty of presenting the "Secret Things" that are revealed in the Word of God is apparent to all who have read the exceedingly popular work, "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," and such will not be disappointed in expecting to find in this new volume a fulness and sweetness in the unfolding of God's Word, in its application to the practical and daily duties of Christian living.



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